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THE HERO OF TANNENBERG: FIELD-MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG, PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC, WHO RECENTLY ATTENDED THE DEDICATION OF A MEMORIAL OF THE BATTLE.

Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, the German President, attended on September 18 the dedication of a great memorial at Hohenstein, in East Prussia, commemorating his victory over the Russians at Tannenberg on August 26, 1914. One of the towers of the monument, which has a fortress-like character, is dedicated to him. Among

those present at the ceremony were two other famous German commanders, Field-Marshal von Mackensen and General Ludendorff. In his speech on the occasion, President Hindenburg reiterated the contention that Germany was guiltless of responsibility for the war—a claim difficult for anyone outside Germany to understand.

FROM A DRAWING BY ERICH HEERMANN. (COPYRIGHTED.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

FROM time to time, as we all know, a sect appears in our midst announcing that the world will very soon come to an end. Generally, by some slight confusion or miscalculation, it is the sect that comes to an end. Such is our heartless and heathen frivolity that most of us even actually prefer this issue to the alternative. But though the sect comes to an end, the sects do not come to an end. And I do not see any way in which we can be certain that the prophecy will come to an end, until that rather alarming moment when it comes to an end by coming true. People talk of the modern world as a world of growing scepticism, of decaying religious belief and all the rest of it; but I can never see that the facts in any way support the statement. In the early Victorian time the most stolid merchants and the most moderate reformers were thundered at and threatened by Dr. Cumming and Mr. Miller, who had obtained early and private information of this cosmic catastrophe; a sort of tip straight from the stables about this striking if not exactly sporting event. But it is equally true that there can be few Socialists or Futurists of our own time who have not been offered little leaflets informing them that thousands now alive will never die. Anyhow, thousands now alive have heard that they will never die. Only the other day a great crowd assembled in broad daylight to see New York destroyed by fire from heaven. Most of us will be content with a more reverent acceptance of the inscrutable decrees of Providence. For some mysterious reason which it is not for us to know, New York was not destroyed. What happened to the crowd of enthusiasts I do not know in any detail; but we may reasonably assume that the movement was not actually strengthened by the incident. Anyhow, New York was not destroyed; except, indeed, by the New Yorkers, who are occupied in continually if not finally pulling it down. When I was in New York, I always left my hotel in the morning with a feeling that it might not be there when I came back. It might already be surrounded with scaffolding and towering cranes, in process of demolition. That is one of the principal local industries.

There are a great many people who have this prophesying spirit, who would be very much surprised to be told that they belonged to this sect. Yet they are in fact Millennarians, though they are more commonly described as Utopians. The two things are so near that we do actually use the word Millennium in the sense of Utopia. Everybody who feels that the crisis and solution of the whole problem of history is very close to us has in him something of the special psychology and philosophy of the Millennarian. The essence of it is excitement, an eager anticipation of great things which we or our immediate children are alone privileged to see. I am not saying that this mood has not its nobler as well as its cruder forms; I merely remark that at this moment it appears in a great many forms, and in many in which it is hardly recognised.

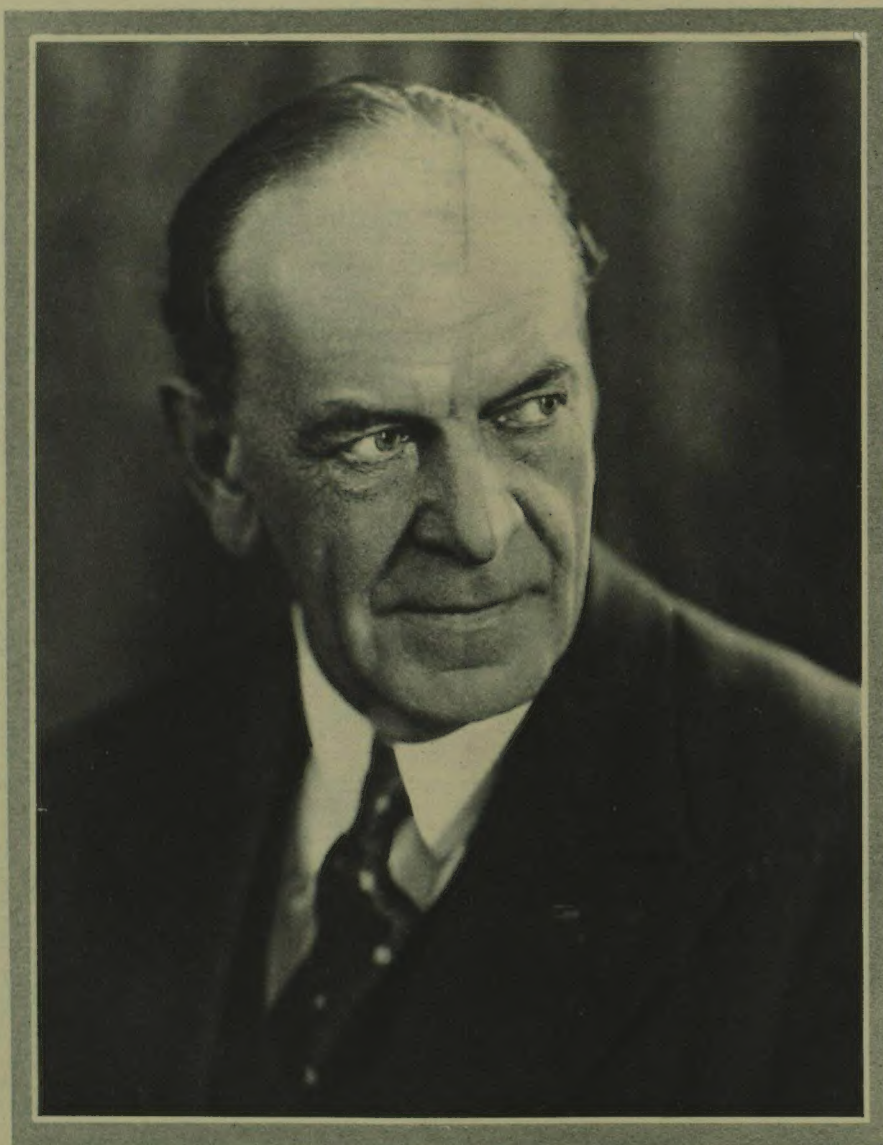
For instance, I should call Mr. H. G. Wells a most unmistakable Millennarian. He sees the whole world under a glow of anticipation; a light which one of his critics has sardonically described as the Great Rosy Dawn. It is not merely that he thinks the world is, on the whole, getting better. It is also that he infuses into it a feeling which is the fire in

a hundred sects; a distinctively religious feeling. He has certain very sincere enthusiasms, and he sees the world in the light of his enthusiasms much more than of its own enthusiasms. He sees the world as struggling towards certain ideals, as being occasionally checked or thwarted, but certainly as now very near to some sweeping application of those ideals. What he does not seem to see at all are the other ideals. In short, he judges everybody and everything as being nearer or farther in relation to a certain goal, which is broadly the humanitarian goal of international union, disarmament, large corporate social action, and the rest. What he does not see is that some of

It was not in the least like any of Mr. Wells's romances. It was only a great victory won in a good cause: a very trivial incident. It does not seem to occur to those who are thus disillusioned about the most honourable of all the adventures of the English that the very fact that it was a just war prevented it from thus establishing perfect justice. It was a just war because it was a war of defence. And a war of defence is fought to defend something, not to improve everything. If my next-door neighbour is a homicidal maniac, I have a right to resist him and join others in his capture. If he is pursuing my maiden aunt round the town with a carving-knife, I have a right to do what I should not have a right to do to all my peaceful neighbours. But my victory consists in the escape of the aunt, not in the immediate beatification and celestial transfiguration of the aunt—still less in the complete reconstruction of all aunts in all households for miles round. If it had been a war of that sort of Utopian universality, it would not have been a just war. It would have been a war of aggression, a war of imperialism, an attempt to force on all nations the international notions of Mr. Wells. If it had really been the war that would end war, it would have been a very wicked war. It would have been an attempt to crush the dignity and self-defence of any number of independent States. But it was not. It was something much more modest and much more practical. Incredible as it may seem, it really was what we said it was. It was a defence of certain good things against a power then threatening them; and its aim was to save something, not to settle everything. But Mr. Wells could never reconcile himself to being simply right. It is not Apocalyptic enough.

Therefore, in his fascinating articles on "The Way the World is Going," he is filled with the persuasion that the world is going somewhere very serious very soon. He believes that it will go at least relatively to Utopia; but he might be imagined in some angry reaction throwing out the alternative that it is going to smash. What he can never bring himself to believe is that it is going on as usual. And yet that is perhaps the plainest fact to an unprejudiced eye. The things that have happened in the stretch of years since the war are exceedingly like the sort of things that occurred in any similar stretch of years at any time of civilised history. There are revolutions in one place balanced by reactions in another; trade increases in one place and declines in another; there are new religions; there are also revivals of old religions. Bolshevism, a savage simplification, seems to spread up to a point and then to settle, as did Islam and the French Revolution. A faction fighting for order or discipline seizes power in Rome, as any imperial or aristocratic faction might have seized it in any century in any city of Italy. There

is a revival of Puritanism in America and a decay of Puritanism in Scotland. Peacemakers at Geneva try to prevent wars, and sometimes succeed and sometimes fail, like many an old Pope in Rome. Some of these things are good and some bad; some Mr. Wells would think good and I bad; some he would think bad and I good. But the pattern is surely much too patchy for these sweeping lines of ascent and convergence. I am not convinced that the world is going any one way at all. The poor old world has always been rather wobbly in its movements, and I am rather relieved to find that it still wobbles along.



A GREAT LOSS TO THE BRITISH STAGE: THE LATE MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER—A RECENT PORTRAIT TAKEN IN SOUTH AFRICA SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH AT JOHANNESBURG.

The death of Mr. Arthur Bourchier during his South African tour removes one of its most prominent figures from the English stage, and he will be deeply regretted by English theatre-goers. He was one of the last of the old school of actor-managers, owning his own theatre (the Strand), where he created the parts of Long John Silver in "Treasure Island," and the broker's man in "Tilly of Bloomsbury," for which he will long be remembered. While up at Oxford Mr. Bourchier was largely instrumental in founding the O.U.D.S.; and later in re-establishing the Society on a satisfactory basis after the war. He was ever a keen cricketer and a member of the I Zingari. Mr. Bourchier intended to stand as Labour candidate for Gloucester on his return from South Africa, and had opened the Strand Theatre to the party for meetings on Sunday nights. The above photograph was taken at Durban in August.

Camera Study by Jocelyn Leigh-Hunt, Durban.

us think this far too much of a simplification, and some of us think it simply narrow. He seems to think it must be large if it covers the whole world. So did Dr. Cumming's vision of the end of the world.

Thus Mr. Wells was really disappointed with the end of the war, merely because it was not the end of the world. He would have said he wanted the beginning of a new world—in other words, a new heaven and a new earth, as promised by all students of the Little Horn or the Mark of the Beast. From this point of view, the war was most disappointing.

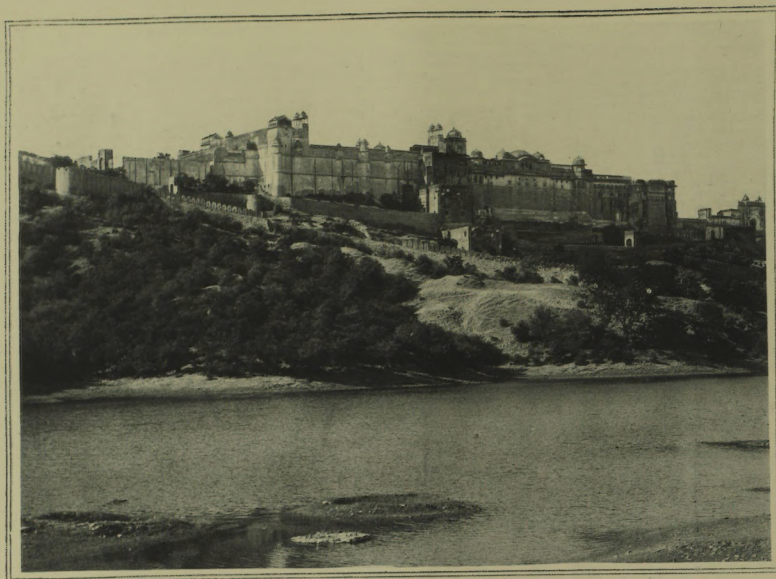
A GREAT CITY PEOPLED ONLY BY THE GHOSTS OF THE PAST.



THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF JAIPUR, ABANDONED IN 1728: AMBER, FROM A BALCONY OF THE DESERTED PALACE.

When Maharajah Jey Singh built his new city of Jaipur in 1728, Amber, the ancient capital of the State, some five miles away, was abandoned, and has been left desolate ever since. Its ruins, including the great palace from which the above photograph was taken, are among the most picturesque and impressive sights in India. The late Sir George Forrest, formerly Director of Records to the Indian Government, says in "Cities of India" (Constable): "Amber (is) a city of ancient temples and ruined palaces, a city of the dead. . . . From a balcony (of the royal palace) may be enjoyed one of the most striking prospects that can be conceived,

the rugged green valley . . . the castles and ruined palaces, the wild waste of sand, and the red hills stretching away to the north." Recalling its early history, at the beginning of the eleventh century, he says: "The Kachwa chief got possession of Amber, consecrated to Amba, the Universal Mother, a flourishing town erected by the Mynas, the great, pure, unmixed race of Upper India, whose original home was in the range of hills called Kali-Kho, extending from Ajmer nearly to the Jumna. As Amber lies in a gorge of the hills, the Mynas styled it Ghatta Rani, Queen of the Pass." Other photographs appear on pages 488-489.



**"A WHOLE
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CAPITAL
CITY
TO THE
AND THE
AMBER,
ANCIENT
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"ALL IS IN
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WHERE OLD-TIME
QUEENS LOOKED
DOWN UPON
THE SPLENDOURS
OF THEIR
LORDS IN ROYAL
STATE: THE
SOBHAG MANDIR,
A SMALL OPEN
PAVILION
IN THE
DESERTED
PALACE AT
AMBER, WITH
EQUIVOCAL STONE
SCREENS
OVERLOOKING
THE DURBAR
HALL BELOW.



"GRASS GROWS
IN THE
STREETS, ITS
TEMPLES AND
PALACES LIE
RUINED:
MONSTROUS
CACTUS CHOKES
THE
ENTRANCES
TO ITS
HOUSES":
THE FORSAKEN
CITY OF AMBER
AS SEEN FROM
THE FORTY-
FETTERED
AUDIENCE HALL
IN THE
EMPTY PALACE.



"WHERE BY THE
MARGIN OF A
SMALL LAKE
SLEEPS THE
ANCIENT
CAPITAL, A CITY
OF THE
DEAD": A
VIEW FROM THE
APPROACH TO
THE DESERTED
PALACE AT
AMBER, SHOWING
A WATCH-TOWER
AND A WALL
ONCE CONNECTED
WITH THE MAIN
FORT
ADJOINING
THE PALACE.

Amber, the ancient capital of Jaipur (as noted under our other illustration on page 487) was abandoned in 1728 when the new city of Jaipur was built by Maharajah Jey Singh. A picturesque description of the deserted city is given in "Through Wonderful India and Beyond," by Norah Rowan Hamilton (Holden and Hardingham). "In 957," she writes, "Amber was a flourishing city, its streets busy with traffic and alive with the clatter of horsemen and the clank of arms. To-day it lies silent. Grass grows in its streets; its temples and palaces lie ruined; monstrous cactus chokes the entrances to its houses. . . . A great city lies here, sunk beneath hills and surmounting them; a city enclosed by heavy walls pierced by eye-slits for musketry. Still in defence, but against no foe; mighty but to no purpose. It lies sunk in a sleep from which it will never waken, to-day as it was yesterday, and as it was the night when its inhabitants fled across the plain to Jaipur, nearly two hundred years ago. For in this country time deals gently with buildings, and a hundred

years pass with little outward sign of their passing. . . . A beautiful stone stairway leads to the terrace and the open hall of forty columns. . . . Up and down the palace ways (we go) through gold and silver doors to small dim chambers and winding stairways, to roof gardens and underground marble halls, where sunk baths and couches of ivory and gold speak of long, drowsy hours spent in the care and worship of the body. All is in readiness within this beautiful palace, awaiting only the magic word to awaken, and the old game of love and intrigue to recommence; up on the roof-garden where fantastic midnight Durbars used to be held; or within the women's apartments, behind lattices of pale ivory; or down in the Hall of Audience. . . . Below us lies a whole city of palaces, temples, stables, baths, courts of justice, schools, abandoned to the jackal and the leopard; and only a few human beings walk through the desolate highways that are still as perfect as when they were thronged with men and women two hundred years ago."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AMONG the few little differences between men and monkeys, to which attention has lately been drawn, is the human habit of using implements to convey food to the mouth. Even this custom is what, I believe, the zoologists would call an acquired character, and its acquisition has not been beyond the powers of certain chimpanzees at the "Zoo." Nor is it so very long since polite society ate with its fingers, like the untutored ape.

But I am not going to discuss evolution, and these remarks merely serve as *hors d'œuvres* to introduce an appetising work entitled "KNIVES AND FORKS." Selected and Described, with an Introduction, by Major C. T. P. Bailey, of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Illustrated in colour and in monochrome (The Medici Society, London and Boston; 17s. 6d.). It claims to be the first book written on the subject from the artistic or collector's point of view. The knife may be as old as Cain—if not as Pithecanthropus—and the fork had its prototype, perhaps, in Neptune's trident and that of the Roman *retarius*, who used his, however, not on beef and mutton, but for prodding his opponent. Here, of course, we are concerned only with table utensils, which are not ordinarily employed as weapons of offence, save by those who—

Plunge, after shocking lives,
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards.

Not but what, in 1669, Louis XIV. prohibited the use of pointed table-knives, "probably [we read] to discourage assassination at meal-times."

Major Bailey has written a most interesting essay on European cutlery and table manners from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century—a period when knives and forks, especially forks, were far from being the common domestic articles they are now. They were the luxuries of the rich, and all the resources of art were lavished on their making and decoration. The book is admirably illustrated, with seventy-four full-page plates (including two in colour), each containing a number of examples. Some of the finest were reproduced in a recent issue of this paper.

The fork was a comparatively late addition to the amenities of the dinner-table. When forks came in, pointed knives went out, the point being no longer required for spiking tit-bits. During the eighteenth century, it seems, the rounded blades of table-knives "were curved and widened at the end so that they could be used for eating peas and similar food likely to slip through the wide-pronged fork of the period." Verily, *tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis*. Picture Rose Maybud at an eighteenth-century dinner-table!—Rose Maybud, with her precious book of Victorian etiquette, "a hallowed volume, composed by the wife of a Lord Mayor," which taught her to shun "the man who bites his bread, or eats peas with a knife."

The same institution that provided Major Bailey with material is also the source of a beautifully illustrated "CATALOGUE OF CARVINGS IN IVORY." By Margaret H. Longhurst. Part I, up to the Thirteenth Century (Victoria and Albert Museum, Department of Architecture and Sculpture; cloth, 8s.; by post, 8s. 6d.; paper covers, 6s., by post, 6s. 6d.). It includes an introduction, tracing briefly the development of ivory-carving up to the Gothic period; full historical and critical descriptions of the exhibits; and seventy-six plates of exquisite photographic reproductions, besides a frontispiece and incidental illustrations in the text. The whole work bears the impress of scholarly care and taste. The Director of the Museum, Mr. Eric Maclagan, mentions in a prefatory note that the previous catalogue of Carved Ivories, published in 1872, was the work of William Maskell—a name that grew very familiar to me in writing a memoir of Hawker, the Cornish poet, which, by the way, contains a portrait of Maskell, and many references to their friendship.

Books emanating from the Victoria and Albert lead up naturally to "THE NATIONAL GALLERY": Old Masters and Modern Art. Vol. III. France and England. By Sir Charles Holmes, Director of the National Gallery. With

100 Illustrations (Bell; 25s.). Now, I know the National Gallery exceedingly well—as one sees it from any point in Trafalgar Square—in fact, since the traffic there became "gyratory," I see it from every angle of the Square every day, while my bus loops the loop from the Strand past Canada House and back to St. Martin's. As to the N.G.'s interior, I know that too—as the workaday Londoner knows it. If ever I happen to spend a holiday in London, I hope to know it better. When that long-dreamed-of day arrives, I shall choose as my guide and companion Sir Charles Holmes's delightful and authoritative work, not only under the dome in Trafalgar Square, but also beneath the daughter roof at Millbank, commonly called the Tate Gallery.

In the first of his three volumes the author deals with the Italian schools, and in the second with those of the Netherlands, Germany, and Spain. This third volume, which completes a work of great value and importance, makes the closest appeal to English readers, treating, as it does, of our homeland art and that of our nearest Continental neighbours. Towards modernist movements Sir Charles is sympathetic, but he discriminates between real genius and mere vagaries. In the last chapter, on the Post-Victorians, due prominence is given to the work of Augustus John, two of whose portraits are reproduced—"Madame Suggia" and "The Smiling Woman." Of the latter Sir Charles writes: "Nothing more substantial, more truly monumental, has been painted for many years."

British artists have often been accused of excessive subservience to France. In tracing the course of French art, however, Sir Charles reminds us of one critical turning-point when the influence came from our side of the Channel.



A HISTORIC MANSION NOW A FAMOUS PREPARATORY SCHOOL: WOOD NORTON, FORMERLY THE HOME OF EXILED FRENCH ROYALTIES—THE SOUTH-WEST FRONT.

The well-known preparatory school for boys started in 1895 at the Priory, Malvern, by Mr. Claude H. Giles (of Clare College, Cambridge) and Mr. Arthur C. Allen (of New College, Oxford), developed so successfully that larger premises and space for playing-fields became necessary. In 1925 the school was transferred to Wood Norton (situated two miles from Evesham and thirteen miles from Worcester), a historic mansion which for half a century had been the home of exiled members of the French Royal House. It was built by the Duc d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe, and in 1897 was enlarged by the Duke of Orleans. In 1907 Prince Charles of Bourbon and Princess Louise of France were married there in the presence of forty princes of the royal blood. Three years later the exiled King Manoel of Portugal and his mother made Wood Norton their temporary home. The house and grounds are admirably adapted for school purposes.

"Camille Pissarro, Claude Monet, Sisley, Renoir, Cézanne, and others were painting in close association when the Franco-Prussian War and the siege of Paris came upon them. The little band was scattered. Several took refuge in England, where the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites—and, above all, contact with the work of Turner and Constable—made them devotees of Light. On returning to Paris they developed their new theories with enthusiasm, and after a joint exhibition in 1874 they became known as Impressionists—a journalistic nickname which has long since become an honourable historic title."

A useful pendant to Sir Charles Holmes's work is an illustrated booklet issued by, and sold at, the Tate Gallery, entitled "NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK: A RECORD OF TEN YEARS, 1917-1927" (Maclehose, University Press, Glasgow; 2s. 6d.). It contains an account of the new acquisitions and the management of the Tate since it became self-governing, with notes on the new Duveen galleries, the foreign section, and the Hugh Lane bequest, and seventy-two pages of excellent reproductions from the principal pictures acquired during the decade.

There are many points of contact between the French section of Sir Charles Holmes's latest volume and a little book called "THE IMPORTANT PICTURES OF THE LOUVRE." By Florence Heywood, Art Lecturer in English at the

Musée du Louvre. With

forty-nine illustrations (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). "It is primarily intended," she writes, "as a readable treatise on painting. It is so arranged, however, that it will serve as a guide to the pictures." Hence, no doubt, the pocket size. I have found it intriguing to track parallel passages, and compare the respective comments of the two writers on the same painters. Florence Heywood has to mention very many pictures and painters in a much smaller space. She cannot enlarge so much on matters of theory, but she is a little more concrete on personal details, such as the domestic life of Prudhon or the suicide of Gros. Thus, while Sir Charles says: "he drowned himself in despair"; her version is: "He drowned himself in three feet of water at Bas Meudon."

Books on picture galleries in general, and the Louvre in particular, appear superfluous to the author of "IN AND ABOUT PARIS." By Sisley Huddleston. With sixteen colotype illustrations by Hanslip Fletcher, and a Map (Methuen; 15s.). "The reader must see for himself," he writes, "and, if he sees for himself, he will find any prose, except the prose of the catalogue, impertinent. If he does not see for himself, the most exquisite writing—yes, even the famous passage by Walter Pater on the smile of Mona Lisa—will be totally inadequate." The answer to this is Mr. Huddleston's own book—for why limit the theory to pictures? It might apply to anything visible, including all Paris. Mona Lisa herself provides an example of the value of art commentaries, for Florence Hey-

wood mentions a historical explanation of the smile which no spectator could guess if he spent the rest of his life looking at the picture. That one should see a work of art, if possible, *besides* reading about it, everyone will agree; but *non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum*.

The fact is that the Louvre, with its vast treasures, is only one among the countless wonders and attractions in the City of Light, and Mr. Huddleston could hardly go into detail about it. For the rest of his work I have the highest admiration. He loves his Paris, and is thoroughly familiar with every phase of its life and history. His book is at once intimate and comprehensive, with that element of humour and personality that gives topography its charm, and distinguishes the real interpreter from the parrot-like guide. It is the best book on Paris that I have read.

One passage struck me as particularly interesting to English readers. It is often remarked that the French have no word for "home," yet (as Mr. Huddleston points out) they jealously guard the domestic sanctum against the intrusion of strangers. These words, then, have an added pathos: "It was in his little lodgings in the Palais Royal that John Howard Payne

wrote in 1823 the most famous song in the English language, *Home, Sweet Home!* The man who never had a real home, who was always an exile, whose purse was empty, who had a hopeless passion for Mary Shelley, who drudged at the task of adapting bombastic plays and writing wretched libretto for operettas, penned in a garret the poor but sincere verses of the song which has touched more hearts than any other."

Paris occurs incidentally, as a river port, in "A WAYFARER ON THE SEINE." By E. I. Robson. With twelve illustrations by J. R. E. Howard, and a Map (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). In this attractive and charmingly pictured addition to the well-known Wayfarer series, the author takes us by easy stages from Le Havre to Paris, by way of Caudebec, Rouen, Elbeuf, Vernon, Mantes, and many other interesting riverside places, and tells his experiences and impressions, with a sufficient admixture of historical lore, in a gossipy vein that makes extremely pleasant reading. I have been over some of his ground, and his amusing description of the Havre boat leaving the quay at Honfleur, while would-be passengers, just too late to jump aboard, remained on shore, reminds me of a day when, walking from Trouville, I just managed to catch it by getting a lift from a friendly French motorist. Mr. Robson's chatty pilgrimage will doubtless recall similar memories to many another wayfarer, and tempt others to follow in his footsteps.

C. E. B.

THE GENESIS OF "ALOYSIUS HORN":

A "DOORSTEP MERCHANT'S" ROMANTIC MEMORIES
OF THE IVORY COAST IN THE "EARLIES."

WHERE ALOYSIUS HORN CALLED FIRST WITH HIS WIRE KITCHEN-WARE, THEN WITH HIS WEEKLY BATCH OF MANUSCRIPT, AND LATER TALKED WITH JOHN GALSWORTHY THE STOEP OF MRS. ETHELREDA LEWIS'S HOUSE AT JOHANNESBURG.



THE CHAIR (RIGHT OF FIRE) WHERE ALOYSIUS HORN SAT, ON COLD WINTER DAYS, TO TELL HIS STORY AND SING OLD TUNES: A ROOM IN MRS. LEWIS'S HOUSE, WITH THE CAT, PUSHEEN, WHICH HE KNEW AS A KITTEN.

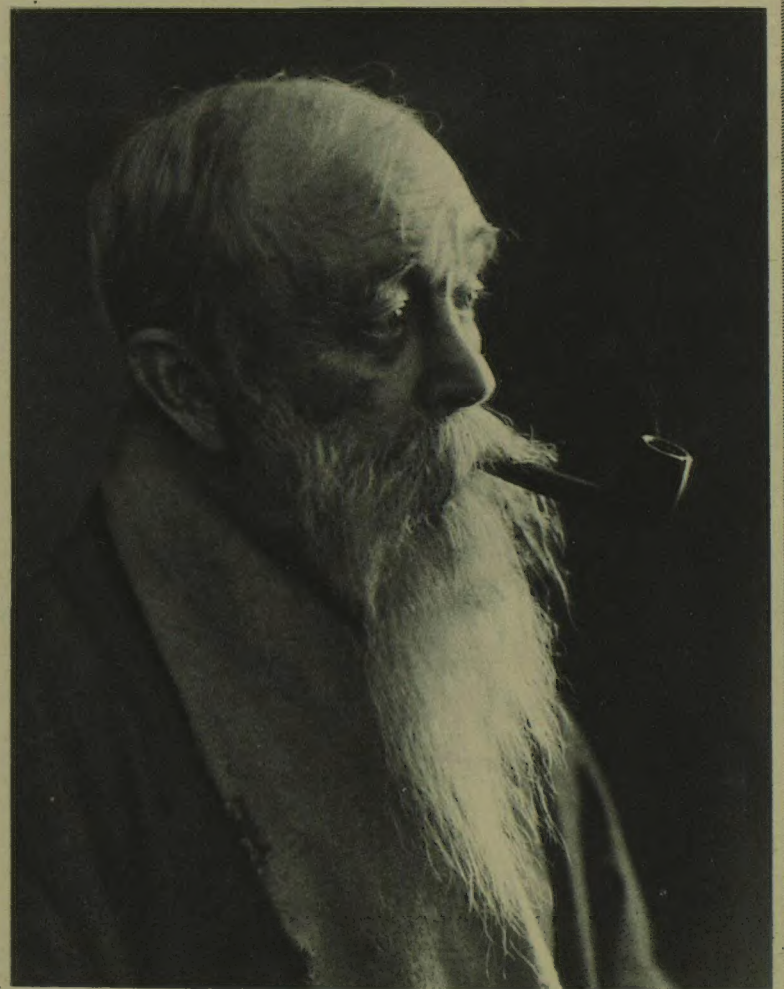


WITH WIRE FROM WHICH ALOYSIUS HORN MADE KITCHEN UTENSILS STILL HUNG ON THE WALL: ROOM 12, AN APARTMENT WHICH HE OCCUPIED, AS IT IS SIX MONTHS AFTER HE HAS SPRUNG INTO FAME.

"THIS Golden City (Johannesburg)," writes Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, "is a town where, more than in any other town in South Africa, we become familiar with the merchants of the doorstep. Those sad merchants of the doorstep: how often have I selfishly wished to afford a house with an invisible study away from the beaten track which they haunt, so that I might write in peace! But it was my fate to go on being interrupted in my morning's work; and one day came the long interruption made by Aloysius Horn. It was that fortunate interruption of my novel-writing which led to the appearance, five months ago, of Mr. John Galsworthy on that doorstep. In the same corner of the stoep where the book had been talked over so many months between the old man and myself, Galsworthy and Aloysius Horn sat one day and discussed the influence of the catamaran on history, both east and west of the Malay Peninsula. It was in January that I had sent three or four chapters to the novelist when he was staying in Cape Town. It was by that time becoming highly necessary for me to be reassured as to my own judgment; especially since, in December, the manuscript of 'Aloysius Horn' was turned down by a London publisher as being of 'insufficient interest to warrant publication.' I had not long to wait for this reassurance. Within three days I received a telegram urgently asking for the rest of the chapters. These were sent off, and within a week I had a letter from Mr. Galsworthy beginning: 'This is a most extraordinary affair.' He then said that he wished to write a foreword, but must see the old man first. None the less, so strongly did he believe in the book that he came to Johannesburg with the foreword already written, and gave it to me before he saw Aloysius Horn—a characteristic act of courtesy which meant a great deal to me at the moment. Mr. Galsworthy has not tired of his first generous impulse aroused by the first reading of the manuscript, but has taken step after step that might lead to the success of the book; including even the tedious reading of the English proofs to save the time that would have been involved in sending them out here. It is only five months now since he discussed the Malay as explorer with Aloysius Horn in Johannesburg; but the first splendid reviews came out in New York on June 12. 'This was no tedious pauper,' wrote William McFee in the 'New York Times.' 'Aloysius Horn is a gentleman-adventurer straight from the days of Elizabeth and the conquistadores of Spain.' Writing the name Aloysius again reminds me that the man who bears the name is very 'choicely,' as he would say, as to its pronunciation. There must be no syllable in it to rhyme with boy; it is *Allo-issius*; which, besides being correct, has a far finer rhythm to the ear. . . . Even while in the 'furore' of writing he had lapses into wistful moods when it all seemed such a wild idea, such a laughable notion that his name should appear on a real flesh-and-blood book. . . . 'Excuse me making the remark,' he said, about a fortnight after he had brought the last pages of 'The Ivory Coast in the Earlies' (he was going through the gate at the time, so the question had probably been burning to drop out for an hour or more)—'Excuse me mentioning it, but do you think those memoirs I gave you will ever get near the printers?' Well, now Aloysius Horn knows such happiness as is rare in this world. After carrying his splendid-looking book (the Guild edition) about for a week, in the

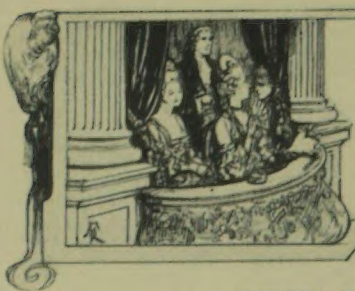


THE EDITOR OF "THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ALOYSIUS HORN":
MRS. ETHELREDA LEWIS.



AN OLD MAN AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD: ALOYSIUS HORN (AGED 73) THREE WEEKS AFTER THE PUBLICATION OF HIS FIRST BOOK, "THE IVORY COAST IN THE EARLIES" (INCLUDED IN HIS "LIFE AND WORKS").

place on the Natal coast where he sits and stares at the Indian Ocean or talks with other ancient sailors and wanderers, he writes me that he has sewn it up in canvas, together with a letter from my young daughter, whom he calls the Mapmaker, so that 'if ever Davey Jones beckons me at any time, it can be put under my arm.' That 'under my arm' is characteristic of the man's nature. A sentimentalist would have said 'on my heart' or 'on my breast.' Not so Aloysius Horn. He is sane and wholesome to the core. Sane even in childishness; even in the blissful, quavering first letters after his book came to his hand."



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



MISS MARIE TEMPEST'S NEW DEPARTURE.—THE NEW GATE THEATRE.

I WONDER how many of our leading ladies would have done it—would have given their understudies an opportunity to appear in the afternoon in the self-same play in which they were starring in the evening? But Miss Marie Tempest is not only a great actress, but she has a kind heart; she could rush in where other angels fear to tread. She is unique, and so she lifted the bushel from those in the obscurity of under-study, in order that the full glamour of publicity should for one afternoon lift them into the limelight. It was, in a way, a risky experiment; for the perfection of the evening performance is such that it would cover up the weaknesses of the play. However well the understudies might acquit themselves of their task, it was to be feared that the facsimile would be detrimental to the author. This actually happened in the first act of "The Spot on the Sun": the actors were all nervous under their ordeal; and, as this led to a certain looseness of *ensemble*, we realised how flimsy it was—how much of the success was due to Miss Tempest herself and her excellent acolytes. In the second act things warmed to the right temperature and speeded up in the right tempo. If we dismissed all comparisons from our mind, we could say: "A very good performance, in every way worthy of an evening bill in the West End, with several exponents of more than average merit."

It would be somewhat invidious on this occasion to praise (or to criticise) one or two actors in preference to others, when one and all strove so hard to make good, but I cannot refrain from pointing to the discovery of an excellent juvenile in Mr. Harley Merica (Michael, the *gigolo*); Miss Joan Henley as the sportive Mary—all the charm of English girlhood in one volume, as I heard somebody describe her; and Miss Lilian Cavanagh, who, in the telling scene between Mrs. Patrick and the dago Barrington Woolfe (very well acted by Mr. Aubrey Dexter), proved that she has in her the gift that makes emotional actresses. To follow Miss Marie Tempest in such an episode and to come out with flying

personal receptiveness, but it does not clearly set out their possible creative power. Therefore, why not go a step further and let the understudies "try out" a new play? Thus we would be able to appreciate individual values and render double service—



"THE GIRL FRIEND" AT THE PALACE THEATRE: (LEFT TO RIGHT, IN FRONT) MISS FLORA LE BRETON AS MISS WENDELL, MISS LOUISE BROWN AS KITTY BROWN (THE TITLE-PART), AND MISS POLLIE EMERY AS MARY, IN THE BLUE BRIDAL SUITE AT THE HOTEL WENDELL.

"The Girl Friend," which opened at the Palace on the 8th, is a bright and tuneful musical comedy. The plot concerns the adventures of Kitty Brown, who loses her purse on a journey, and can only secure hotel room by posing as the wife of a man who has booked the "blue bridal suite," but is not expected till next day.

to dramatists as well as actors waiting for the chance that makes a career. I offer this suggestion for Miss Tempest's consideration, and, while thanking her for a *beau geste*, I would express regret that, despite prolonged applause, she, the sponsor of this memorable *matinée*, could not have been prevailed upon to give her views on her happy experiment. We should have listened in gladness and with profit to a speech on understudies, and all the word implies, by one who is not only a mistress of her art, but who combines the gift of oratory with the penetration of an original thinker. Perhaps the O.P. Club will persuade her to let us hear her views, as a sequel to this new departure.

"Careful! We have to get to it through a hole in the wall—at present." Thus spoke young Miss Velona Pilcher, the new associate of Mr. Peter Godfrey, founder of the Gate Theatre, that flourished for two years in a "bedstead" little theatre, as the Dutch call it, in Floral Street, Covent Garden. We were inspecting the "new and commodious" premises together at 16a, Villiers Street, Strand, part of that old restaurant of Carlo Gatti, where, before he parted with it, I ate many succulent dishes of spaghetti, washed down with excellent old Falerno. Inside all was chaos, but a little shrewd man, the builder (I think his name is Barker), soon revealed Phoenix to me as in his mind's eye he would arise from the ashes. He measured the stage for me, and a goodly sized one it will be; he described the amphitheatral tiers as they would graduate towards the ceiling (just as

in the Margaret Morris Theatre in the King's Road, Chelsea): they would hold 250 with ease and 300 at a squash; he showed me how the dressing-rooms would sidle by the stage; he mapped out the writing and cloak rooms, and, finally, pictured how the hole in the wall would become a spacious entrance. And all this to be ready on Sept. 20! I hope it will be; the gods are with the optimists in the World of the Theatre—did not the Strand open in the evening despite a fire before luncheon?

I was much impressed—I had always dreamed of a teeny-weeny theatre of my own—and here it was in the most central position of London, at an

absurd rental on a long lease. Lucky Peter Godfrey and Velona Pilcher!

Anon the master of the house appeared, and I at once recognised him. Five years ago he had a few lines at the Coliseum, as a Hindu in Violet Vanbrugh's production of "Great Aunt Elizabeth," by Michael Orme. In those few lines he made a brief but indelible mark. I never guessed that this was the Peter Godfrey who in that attic in minuscule space in those two years produced thirty-five pieces, covering in bird's-eye view nearly the whole literature of modern Europe from Hauptmann and Maeterlinck to Ibsen and George Kaiser and Wedekind—a record that made the output of half-a-dozen London theatres lumped together "look foolish." But that was nothing in his career: he in his lifetime (and he is but thirty) has produced no fewer than 232 plays—*excusez du peu*, as the Frenchman says. And now he is going to make London "hum." (I said that, for he is far too modest to blow his own trumpet.) In Miss Pilcher he has the right Diogenes to help him. She, now correspondent of the *Theatre Arts Monthly* in New York, has been a world-pilgrim in quest of plays: she has even been in Moscow and seen how the Bolsheviks set an example in the furtherance of the theatre. She will select the plays, and already her list is formidable—a kaleidoscope of modern progress which, but for the Gate Theatre, might take years to penetrate to London. In all cases Mr. Godfrey will be the producer, and, as he has already some three thousand subscribers at prices that suit every purse (stalls, 4s.; back stalls, 1s. 6d., plus tax), he feels confident that his policy of running every play for a month will prove successful.

But it is not only in the plays that he will endeavour to maintain the high artistic standard: the acting too—which, he frankly admits, in the two trial-years was not all that he wishes—will, so he hopes, rise to the occasion. At length actors of repute, scenting a chance, are gradually coming forward with their support, and it was with great pride that he named Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson as one of the first who proffered her services. Such an excellent example is sure to attract many followers. As for scenery, which will adhere to modern principles, he finds Young Chelsea ready for his call.

It seems a highly promising enterprise, with the right man in the right place—the first serious effort to stimulate in London that movement of Little Theatres which has become a springboard for young dramatists—as well as actors—in the United States. So here's luck to Peter Godfrey and Velona Pilcher—may their Gate prove a perennial sesame!



MIRTHMAKERS IN "THE GIRL FRIEND," AT THE PALACE: MISS EMMA HAIG AS JENNIE AND MR. GEORGE GEE AS JERRY (READY FOR THE KNOCK-OUT—RIGHT TO THE POINT).

Miss Emma Haig and Mr. George Gee are very amusing as telephone girl and day clerk respectively, in the Hotel Wendell, where they dance and sing and indulge in comic acrobatics.

colours is indeed something more than a promise. And so we who witnessed this *matinée* were well repaid for our overtime in a crowded period, and felt that Miss Tempest's excellent new departure deserves to be followed up by others.

But I would offer one suggestion which would serve the cause of the understudies even better than an imitation of the evening play. For, when all is said, the understudies are not giving spontaneous work. They are propped up and prompted by the precept of what they have seen and been taught in the mimic of the original performance. The result may testify to their technical equipment and to their



A FAMOUS DANCER WELCOMED BACK IN LONDON AFTER TWO YEARS: MME. ANNA PAVLOVA, WHO HAS REAPPEARED AT COVENT GARDEN.

Mme. Pavlova has had a great welcome on her return to London after an absence of two years. She lately began a fortnight's season at Covent Garden, delighting the audience with all her accustomed charm and brilliant dancing. Her programmes have included "Don Quixote," "The Fairy Doll," "Chopiniana," "La Fille Mal Gardée," "Dance of the Hours," and the ever-popular "Swan."

"BONES OF CONTENTION" AMONG ARCHÆOLOGISTS: THE GLOZEL AFFAIR.



DR. MORLET UNEARTHING A BRICK (INDICATED BY THE KNIFE WHICH HE HOLDS IN HIS HAND).



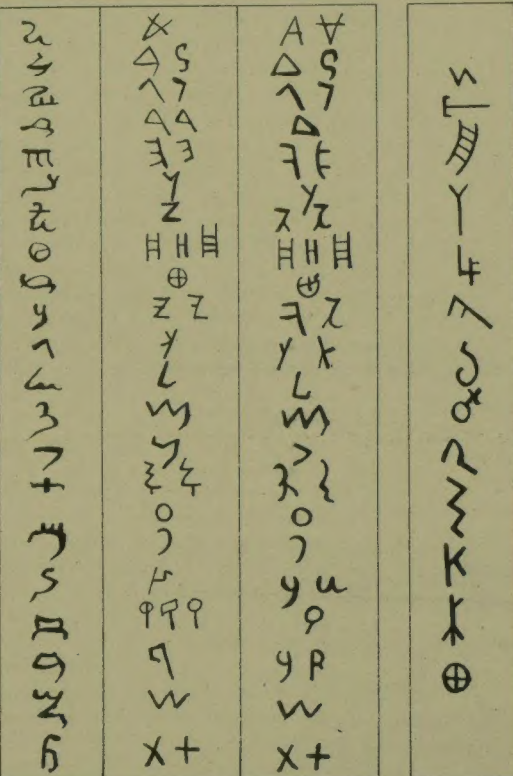
THE SAME BRICK (AS IN THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH) WITH CLAY ADHERING, AFTER HAVING BEEN DRIED FOR 24 HOURS IN THE SHADE.



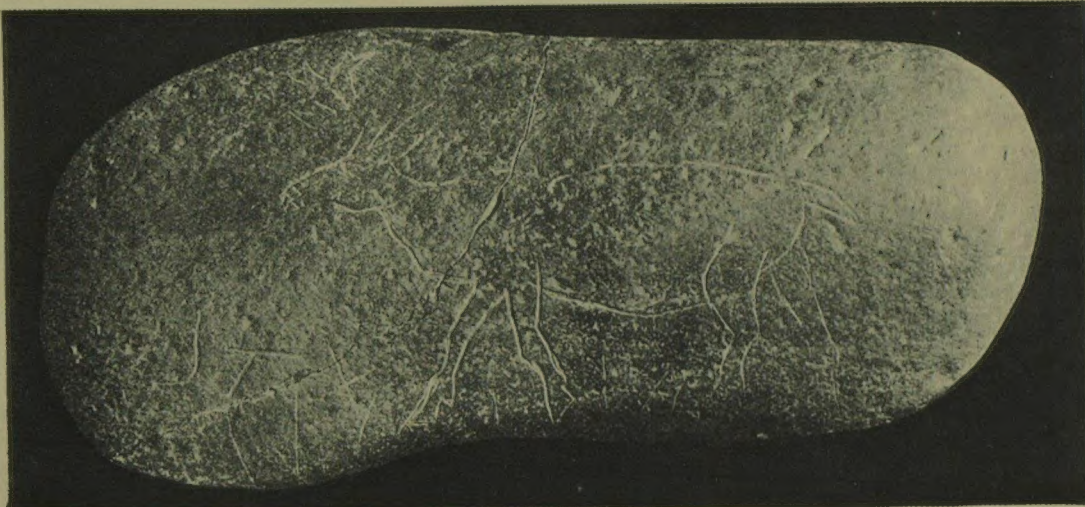
THE SAME BRICK AFTER THE CLAY HAS BEEN SCRAPED OFF, AND THE WRITING TRACED OUT WITH THE POINT OF A NEEDLE.



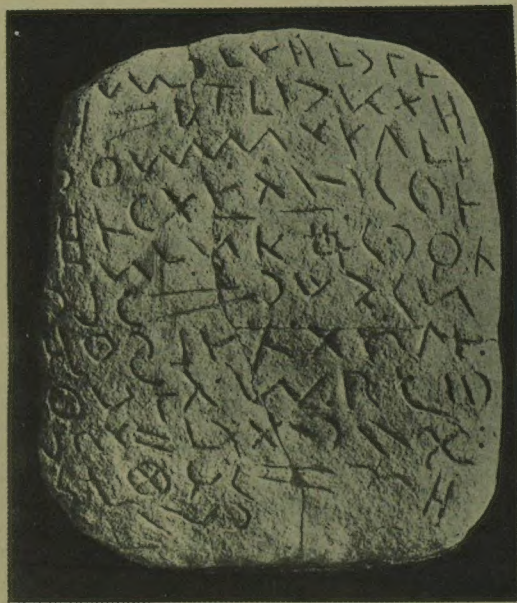
MME. MORLET HOLDING THE BRICK IN HER HAND AFTER CAREFULLY EXTRICATING IT FROM THE EARTH.



THE STRIKING RESEMBLANCE OF THE GLOZEL SCRIPT (CENTRE) TO EGYPTIAN HIERATIC AND PHŒNICIAN SCRIPTS (LEFT).



INFERIOR IN TECHNIQUE TO TRUE PALÆOLITHIC DRAWINGS, AND HENCE PROBABLY OF LATER DATE: A REINDEER ENGRAVED ON A PEBBLE, WITH AN INSCRIPTION.



A CLAY TABLET SHOWING THE ALPHABETICAL SIGNS INTERSPERSED WITH SYMBOLS: THE SUBJECT OF ARCHÆOLOGICAL CONTROVERSY.



THE SITE OF THE DISCOVERIES: THE HILLSIDE AT GLOZEL WITH DR. MORLET AT WORK—WITH THE VALLEY OF THE VARELLE BEHIND.

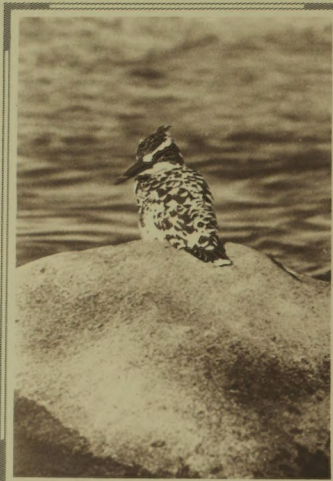
or the incantations of a Gallo-Roman sorcerer? We may presume to state the opposing theories without entering into a controversy where the most erudite are at loggerheads. M. Camille Jullian has identified a series of incantations and vows. He even professes to be able to read some of the tablets. The sorcerer must also have collected prehistoric objects which seemed of magical significance to him.

ARE the Glozel finds genuine? And if so, do they represent the everyday life of a prehistoric community,

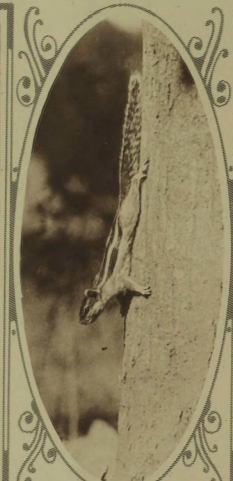
The upholders of a prehistoric origin for the Glozel discovery find the idea of a sorcerer-archæologist in the fifth century A.D. fantastic. They claim that the discoveries represent the transition from Palæolithic (old Stone Age) to Neolithic (new Stone Age). Hence the apparent jumble of objects, Neolithic axes and harpoons with degenerate Palæolithic paintings. But to account for the obviously organised alphabet, they make the Glozel discoveries contemporary with the Minoan civilisation—about 2000 B.C.—from whence they claim the writing was derived. Whatever may be the solution of this complex problem—and perhaps it may include parts of all three theories—there can be no lack of interest in a discovery which, if genuine, threatens to revolutionise our whole conception of prehistoric man.

THE SHY FOREST LIFE OF INDIA PICTURED BY THE CAMERA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. W. CHAMPION, IMPERIAL FOREST SERVICE OF INDIA, TO ILLUSTRATE HIS FORTHCOMING BOOK,



AN INDIAN PIED KINGFISHER SITTING ON A BOULDER IN A STREAM: A "CLOSE-UP" PHOTOGRAPH THAT REQUIRED EXCEPTIONAL SKILL IN STALKING.



THE COMMON PALM SQUIRREL: AN ELUSIVE LITTLE ANIMAL DIFFICULT TO PHOTOGRAPH NEAR AT HAND.



THE LEOPARD-CAT: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT CLOSE RANGE IN THE JUNGLE.



A CHITAL HIND STAMPING IN ANGER: A STRIKINGLY NATURAL POSE—THE RESULT OF SKILFUL "STALKING" WITH THE CAMERA IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE.



CHITAL STAGS "IN VELVET": A WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPH, VERY DIFFICULT TO OBTAIN AT SUCH CLOSE QUARTERS, IN THE DEPTHS OF AN INDIAN FOREST.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS: TRIUMPHS OF JUNGLE PHOTOGRAPHY.

"WITH A CAMERA IN 'TIGER-LAND.'" REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.



A TIGER-CUB IN SPORTIVE MOOD IN ITS NATIVE HAUNTS AMID THE INDIAN JUNGLE: A FINE EXAMPLE OF BIG-GAME PHOTOGRAPHY AT CLOSE RANGE.



A HYENA AT LARGE IN THE JUNGLE: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE ANIMAL IN ITS NATURAL STATE, UNCONSCIOUS OF THE CAMERA.



A TRIUMPH OF BIG-GAME PHOTOGRAPHY: A HUNGRY TIGRESS IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE—A WONDERFUL INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN BY FLASHLIGHT, OF THE GREAT "CAT" PROWLING STEALTHILY THROUGH THE JUNGLE IN SEARCH OF PREY.

Mr. F. W. Champion, of the Indian Forest Service, is one of the finest of big-game photographers, and his work is already well known to our readers from previous examples published in our pages. We are now enabled to reproduce, in advance, some of the illustrations to his new book, "With a Camera in Tiger-Land," which is due for publication on October 2. It is a record of many adventurous hunts in the Indian jungle, but with a camera instead of a rifle. The photographs included in it, as may be judged from the above examples, are some of the most wonderful that have ever been taken of wild animals in their natural haunts at close range. Although the tiger gives the book its title, many other creatures are represented, including elephants, leopards, deer, hyenas, monkeys, and birds—in fact, practically all the denizens of the Indian jungle. Mr. Champion's book will be especially interesting for the comparisons it

will afford to the new film of Siamese jungle life, entitled "Chang" (illustrated in our last issue), which shows many pictures of wild animals as the enemies of man. In an article contributed to this paper on a former occasion, describing his experiences with tigers, Mr. Champion writes: "Such photography at close quarters requires very accurate focussing, and at night time it is very difficult to see the exact position of the tiger in the dark. Should the tiger put in an appearance in daylight, well and good; but unfortunately this rarely occurs. There are other disadvantages, such as the risk of the approaching tiger seeing, smelling, or hearing one in the tree; the time required for all-night sittings; and the danger of contracting malaria from the bites of mosquitoes. But all these things are part of the game."

"The Mother of the Faithful": Gertrude Bell.

"THE LETTERS OF GERTRUDE BELL." Edited by LADY BELL.*

It is recorded: "S. R. Gardiner, the famous historian of the times of James I. and Charles I., began to 'viva voce' Miss Bell. She replied to his first question: 'I am afraid I must differ from your estimate of Charles I.' This so horrified Professor Gardiner that he at once asked the examiner who sat next to him . . . to continue the 'viva voce.'" There spoke the true Gertrude Bell, that vital, independent, yet not too superior, Person who wrested from an unwilling world so remarkable a reputation as traveller, mountaineer, archaeologist, writer, expert on Arab affairs, and king-maker.

Fearless to a fault, the future *Umm al Muminin*, the Mother of the Faithful, showed her spirit early. She was a veritable tomboy; and "she used to alight on her feet."

"She used to alight on her feet": you may be sure that she had estimated the risks and had worked to overcome them. For she was contemptuous of the muddle-through mind. Before she went to Teheran she began to learn Persian, and at Gula Hek, the summer resort of the British Legation, she continued her studies under "a delightful old person with bright eyes and a white turban." In similar circumstances, she attained fluency in German and in Italian: French was always familiar. All this before the East unfolded her and Arabic became distressingly, then delightfully, dominant.

Journeys, of course, begat experiences, odd and otherwise.

In Germany, among the "dips," as she dubbed the diplomatists, she was presented to the "Kaiser Paar." She found the "Allerhöchst," the Emperor, amazingly jumpy and the Empress very upright and rather alarming; and, at a performance of "Henry IV.," discovered that none might sit in the front row of the royal box even when the royalties were absent!

In the Holy Land, after visiting the Russian Pilgrim House, she rode to the Jordan. "There," she recalled, "we found an enormous crowd assembled. Bedouin and fellaheen, kavasses in embroidered clothes, Turkish soldiers, Greek priests, and Russian peasants, some in furs and top-boots and some in their white shrouds, which were to serve as bathing dresses in the holy stream and then to be carried home and treasured up till their owner's death." Came rose-red, roccoco Petra, with tombs "just like the kind of thing you see in a Venetian church above a seventeenth century Doge leaning on his elbow"; and Jerusalem again, with the annual miracle of the Holy Fire in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a "horrible thrill" bringing thoughts of Solomon Eagle and "Old St. Paul's." Gertrude Bell was spellbound. "The church was packed," she wrote, "every soul having bunches of candles in his hand to receive the Holy Fire. . . . Suddenly the sound of the crowd rose into a deafening roar and I saw a man running from the corner of the sepulchre with a blazing torch held high over his head. The crowd parted before him, the flying figure and the flaming light disappeared into the dark recesses of the church—he had been the first to receive the heaven-sent fire. Then followed a most extraordinary scene. On either side of the sepulchre the people fought like wild beasts to get to the fires, for there were two issuing from the two windows of the sepulchre, one for the Greeks and one for the Armenians. In an instant the fire leapt to the very roof; it was as though one flame had breathed over the whole mass of men and women. Every soul was burning a light, torch or candle or bunch of tapers; behind us in the Greek church, which is almost dark, there was nothing but a blaze of lights from floor to dome, and the people were washing their faces in the fire. How they are not burnt to death is a real miracle. . . . Then came a man from the sepulchre with a whip, bursting through the crowd, and behind him the Patriarch in his mitre holding two great torches over his head and two priests holding up his arms, and they ran, like men carrying some great tidings, through the narrow passage which had been cleared for them and which closed up behind them like water, and passed below us and up the Greek church to light the candles on the High Altar. I have a vision of looking up into the huge dome and seeing high, high up an open window with men standing in it, and their torches flaming between the bright sun and the dense smoke."

Next: the Jebel Druze; the Castle of Salkhad, rising out of the cone of a volcano; kohled natives. Then Damascus—and the first night in the desert: "Shall I give you my chief impression—the silence. It is like the silence of mountain-tops, but more intense, for there you

know the sound of wind and far away water and falling ice and stones; there is a sort of echo of sound there. . . . But here nothing." And so to columned Palmyra, "like the white skeleton of a town, standing knee deep in the blown sand"; to Mualula, "one of three places—the other two are close by—where the old Syrian language is spoken, the language in which Christ spoke"; to tall cedars of

those pioneer wanderings in Syria, Asia Minor, and Arabia which were of such incalculable consequence during the Great War and afterwards.

Observing, chronicling, mapping, measuring ruins, deciphering inscriptions, taking casts and rubbings, digging, photographing, she went her open, yet "secretive" way, never still, never to be stopped by rumoured raids, facing the moody desert—in rain and biting sleet, in burning sun, ploughing through slush and slipping on icy sand—becoming friendly with the dwellers in tents, the mighty Sheikhs and the less exalted, never doubting her ability to deal with those of whom Ali said: "The world would be more restful if they were all dead," she was, "Praise be to God, skilled in travel."

At Tneib the Sherar bought corn, and she saw it drawn from the well in buckets of camel's hair; at Kalaat el Husn she dwelt in "perhaps the largest castle known—no, it's not quite so large as Windsor Castle, but very nearly"; Apamea she knew, and Anavarza, "a Greek storing place, a treasury of Alexander's, then Roman, then the capital of the Armenian Kingdom"; and Binbirkliise, "The Thousand and One Churches"; Loriz of the Hittite sculptures; and many another satisfying sight. And she wrote: "Now this is the manner of Asia Minor: there is never a shrine of Christian or Moslem, but if you look long enough you will find it has been a holy place from the beginning of history, and every church on the top of the hill stands on a site where the Hittites worshipped."

Thence, after a spell, to the Palace of Ukhaider—"one is never very safe at Ukhaider"; to golden-domed Nejef; to the Tower of Babel—"you know what it was? It was an immense Babylonian temple dedicated to the seven spheres of heaven and the sun god"; and to her most famous journey in Arabia, in 1913-14, a venture which "not only put on the map a line of wells before unplaced or unknown, but also cast much new light on the history of the Syrian desert frontiers under Roman, Palmyrene, and Ummayyad domination. . . . But perhaps the most valuable result consists in the mass of information that she accumulated about the tribal elements ranging between the Hejaz Railway on the one flank and the Sirhan and Nefud on the other, particularly about the Howaitat group, of which Lawrence, relying on her reports, made signal use in the Arab campaigns of 1917 and 1918. Her stay in Hayil was fruitful of political information. . . ."

All of which goes to prove that Miss Bell's expeditions, by trade road and Roman road, rude track and desert-way, meant a good deal more than mere satisfaction of the *Wanderlust*; and shows the wisdom of calling her to Cairo early in the war for the utilisation of her experience of the tribes of Northern Arabia; of transferring her to India, that she might "pull things straight a little" between Delhi and Cairo—"but nothing will ever keep them straight except a constant personal intercourse"; and of sending her to Basrah, and, finally, to Bagdad.

To this phase of her life—the official and Oriental Secretary phase—a little of the first volume of her Letters and all of the second are devoted; and it is abundantly evident not

only how long were her labours, but how masterly they were, and how essential. After her death in 1926, at the age of fifty-seven, it was written of her: "She had for the last ten years of her life consecrated all the indomitable fervour of her spirit and all the astounding gifts of her mind to the service of the Arab cause, and especially to Iraq. At last her body, always frail, was broken by the energy of her soul."

That is but the truth. Cementer of friendships, maker of allies and of neutrals, propagandist, editor of *Al Arab*, collector and sifter of "tribal stuff" for Intelligence, interviewer of Sheikhs and lesser lights, creator of a log-book of Iraq Personalities, composer of difficulties between townsmen and tribesmen, Honorary Director of Archaeology in Iraq, most ardent advocate of an Arab State under Faisal, with Sir Percy Cox as her chief—"Kokus" and "Kokusah": "The word Kokus is rapidly passing into the Arabic language, not as a name, but as a title. You are a Kokus, just as once upon a time you were a Chosroes or a Pharaoh. I'm currently described as a Kokusah—i.e., a female Chosroes"—Gertrude Bell was all these things and more. And under her, thanks to a firm and far-sighted diplomacy, many things were "like a rose," as it is said in Arabic.

Her Letters are nothing if not revelatory. As they have been treasured, so they will be read, as the records of a brilliant, brave, and selfless woman whose name will for ever be associated with Arabia, its historic past, its perplexing present, and its promising future. "It is extremely high"—and that is the superlative of admiration!

E. H. G.



GERTRUDE BELL AS AN AIRWOMAN: ALIGHTING FROM AN AEROPLANE IN TRANSJORDANIA AFTER A FLIGHT FROM BAGHDAD TO MEET HER FATHER.

"This meeting with her father (on April 29, 1922) took place most successfully. He had arrived at Jerusalem, and then gone on to Amman, where he received a telephone message to say that the two official aeroplanes, in one of which Gertrude was flying, had left Baghdad at 9 a.m. and were due to arrive at Ziza between 11 and 12. He at once motored to Ziza. . . . The planes landed beautifully, Gertrude alighted and fell into her father's arms. For a little while she was dizzy, and unable to hear, then in a short time she completely recovered." In the evening they dined with the Emir Abdullah of Transjordan, King Faisal's brother, then encamped near Amman.

Lebanon shading their withering two-inch children—"small for a tree"; and to home—"But you know, dearest Father, I shall be back here before long! One doesn't keep away from the East when one has got into it this far."

The break, indeed, was brief. Switzerland, with a



AGED THREE.



AGED TWENTY-SIX.



MISS GERTRUDE BELL AT THE AGE OF EIGHT, WITH HER BROTHER MAURICE.



AGED NINETEEN.



AGED FIFTY-THREE.

"THE UNCROWNED QUEEN OF ARABIA" FROM EARLY CHILDHOOD TO WOMANHOOD: THE LATE MISS GERTRUDE BELL AT SUCCESSIVE STAGES OF HER LIFE.

Illustrations Reproduced from "The Letters of Gertrude Bell." Selected and Edited by Lady Bell, D.B.E. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd.

record ascent of the Finsteraarhorn, when a terrific thunderstorm threatened death and each ice-axe was "a private lightning-conductor"; Syria; a second voyage round the world during which the traveller noted, in Buddhist fashion, ". . . we have hitherto escaped from the 96 diseases, the 24 dangers, and the 11 calamities," were but preludes to

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART: NOTABLE WORK AT THE LONDON SALON.



"TWO ANGEL FORMS WERE SEEN TO GLIDE, THE GENII OF THE STREAM":
"GOLDFISH," BY T. KIMURA.



"THERE WAS NEVER YET FAIR WOMAN BUT SHE MADE MOUTHS IN A GLASS":
"READY FOR THE DANCE," BY H. G. COX.



THE BLACK HAND—A SUPERSTITIOUS STUDY IN SHADOW-PHOTOGRAPHY:
"L'OMBRE," BY CYRIL O. LAUNDY.



PIRACY UPON THE SEAS OF "COUNTERPANE"? "MARINE DECORATION,"
BY HELEN MACGREGOR.

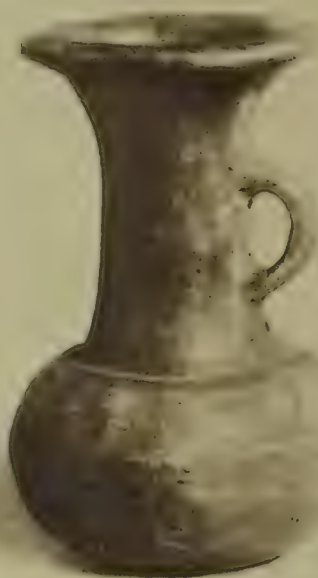
Photography is an art nowadays which requires something besides mere mechanical skill, and affords scope for imagination in choice of subjects, and ingenuity in composition. These examples from the London Salon of Photography (at 5a, Pall Mall East) show the great variety of style and treatment of which the camera is capable. The beauties of nature, the human figure, the supernatural, and the fantastic take on a novel charm in these very interesting exhibits. In our

description of "Marine Decoration" we have drawn an analogy between this miniature ocean and R. L. Stevenson's "pleasant land of counterpane," on which tin soldiers fought their battles in "A Child's Garden of Verses." The London Salon is especially interesting for the work of the Japanese, of which the most notable example is "Evening Waves," by K. Nakamura. This was reproduced in our issue of September 17, but was incorrectly described as "Breaking Wave."

A BRONZE AGE VILLAGE IN HUNGARY: "A THOUSAND YEARS OF PREHISTORY."



1. A TYPE COMMON IN THE BRONZE AGE OF TROY AND CYPRUS: A TWO-NECKED FLASK FROM THE OLDEST SETTLEMENT AT TOSZEG.



2. A JUG FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT AT TOSZEG: A STYLE RELATED TO THE EARLY BRONZE AGE WARES OF BOHEMIA.



3. A MUG WITH A SQUARE FOOT (INVERTED): A TYPE OF POTTERY PECULIAR TO THE MIDDLE TISZA (TOSZEG I).

PROFESSOR V. Gordon Childe writes: "The debris of ancient hut-floors and hearths, fragments of mud-plaster fallen from burnt walls of wood and wicker, and the refuse from successive Bronze Age villages have formed a flat hill (Lapos Halom), 14 ft. high, on the banks of an old lagoon at Toszeg on the Tisza (Theiss). A thousand years of the 'prehistory' of the Hungarian plain are recorded in the potsherds and discarded implements still lying in the fifteen layers of the mound. The decipherment of this page from their country's past has been engaging Hungarian archaeologists for more than fifty years. In May of the present year a joint expedition from the Hungarian National Museum and the Cambridge University Museum of

Archæology and Ethnography under Dr. L. Márton, Dr. F. Tompa, of the Hungarian National Museum, Louis C. G. Clarke, F.S.A., Keeper of the Cambridge University Museum, and the author, has been completing the record. The excavations brought to light striking evidence of the rôle of the Central European waterways in the spread of culture from the Ægean northwards. The pottery from the lowest and oldest village betrays clearly enough the influence of Asia Minor. It is sufficient here to point to the curious two-necked jug (Fig. 1), a type common in the Bronze Age of Troy and Cyprus. The same pottery affords a link with Bohemia, where the earliest bronze-using civilisation of the Continent arose

(Continued in Box below.)



4. WITH "WART" ORNAMENT, AS IN LATE BRONZE AGE POTTERY OF UPPER ITALY AND EAST GERMANY: A POTTERY LID FROM THE LATER SETTLEMENTS AT TOSZEG.

in the vicinity of the tin lodes. Toszeg thus marks a new point on the road by which metallurgists from the Ægean, tempted first by the gold of Transylvania, were led to the discovery of Bohemian tin and the initiation of a Bronze Age somewhere about 2000 B.C. The inhabitants of Toszeg for many years lived as intermediaries between the higher civilisations further down stream and the savages of the far north, but elaborating a progressive culture of their own. Living in command of a great waterway, they received gold from Transylvania and paste beads from the Ægean, while the Baltic sent them amber beads, and (presumably) Bohemia tin. They forged on the spot axes and

(Continued below.)



5. "THEIR POTTERY REVEALS THEIR TECHNICAL SKILL AND ÆSTHETIC TASTE": A GRACEFUL JUG FROM TOSZEG A RELIC OF THE LATER SETTLEMENTS.



6. THE SCENE OF THE HUNGARIAN DISCOVERIES: THE LAPOS HALOM AT TOSZEG, SHOWING LAYERS REPRESENTING SUCCESSIVE PREHISTORIC VILLAGES IN COURSE OF EXCAVATION—(IN THE CENTRE) THE SECTION OF A PIT FOUND FILLED WITH CHARRED GRAIN.



7. A DOUBLE HEARTH OF CLAY FROM A HOUSE IN THE SECOND VILLAGE AT TOSZEG: A VIEW SHOWING POST HOLES.

(continued.)

other metal tools, moulds for which have been obtained this year. Their pottery reveals their technical skill and æsthetic taste; the wart ornament they elaborated was copied in Germany and Italy, but they imported from the Danube the crusted ware popular in that locality. They possessed herds and cultivated fields; they hunted red deer in the forests which must then have covered a great part of the plain, and fished in the lagoon. Among the finds of the recent campaign

was the cheek-piece of a horse's bit made of bone. Eventually the flourishing life of the settlement received its death-blow at the hands of invaders from further north. These used pottery identical with that brought by barbarian invaders, perhaps the Dorians, into Macedonia about 1100 B.C. The economic exploitation of the Continental barbarians by the civilised Mediterraneans resulted after a thousand years in arming invaders who wrecked the ancient cultures of the South."

WAR MEMORIALS AND COMMEMORATIONS:

AUCKLAND; SYDNEY; AND THE AMERICAN LEGION.



THE AUCKLAND (NEW ZEALAND) WAR MEMORIAL AND MUSEUM TO BE OPENED NEXT YEAR: A FINE BUILDING OVERLOOKING THE CITY AND THE HARBOUR—A DRAWING BY THE ARCHITECTS.



THE AMERICAN LEGION IN FRANCE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT SURESNES CEMETERY, ATTENDED BY MARSHAL FOCH, GENERAL PERSHING, AND GENERAL GOURAUD (ALL ON THE DAIS IN FOREGROUND).



THE AMERICAN LEGION IN PARIS FOR THE HOLDING OF ITS CONVENTION: A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF THE LEGION'S BAND AFTER LEAVING THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE (LEFT BACKGROUND) DURING THE GRAND PARADE.



COMMEMORATING THE SAILORS, SOLDIERS, AND NURSES OF NEW SOUTH WALES WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE WAR: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DEDICATION OF THE SYDNEY CENOTAPH, IN MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY—WHERE THE DEDICATORY SPEECH WAS MADE BY MR. LANG, PREMIER OF THE STATE, AND THE FIRST WREATH WAS LAID BY THE GOVERNOR, ADMIRAL SIR DUDLEY DE CHAIR.



THE AMERICAN LEGION MEMORIAL SERVICE AT SURESNES: FLAG-BEARERS BEFORE THE DAIS, IN WHICH ARE GENERAL PERSHING (EXTREME LEFT), MARSHAL FOCH (NEXT), MR. SHELDON WHITEHOUSE, COMMANDER SAVAGE, AND CHAPLAIN WOLFE (SPEAKING).

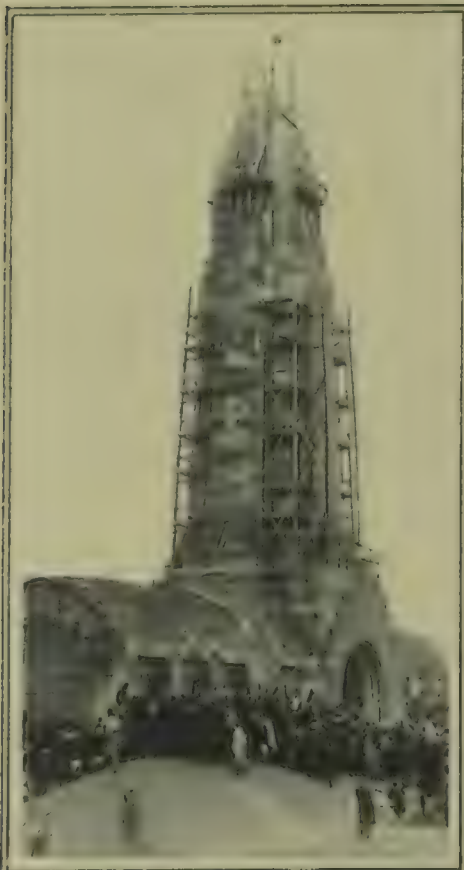
The Auckland War Memorial and Museum, which is to be opened next year, is prominent on a hill overlooking the city, the Waitemata Harbour, and the Hauraki Gulf, and is visible for many miles all round. A frieze on the front represents war incidents in which New Zealand troops took part, and there is a Maori section containing a Maori meeting-house and canoe.—The grand parade of the American Legion through Paris took place, amid great enthusiasm, on September 18, the day on which the Convention of the Legion was officially opened. The procession had the honour of being allowed to march through the Arc de Triomphe. On the previous day, 2000 members of the Legion, who had already arrived in



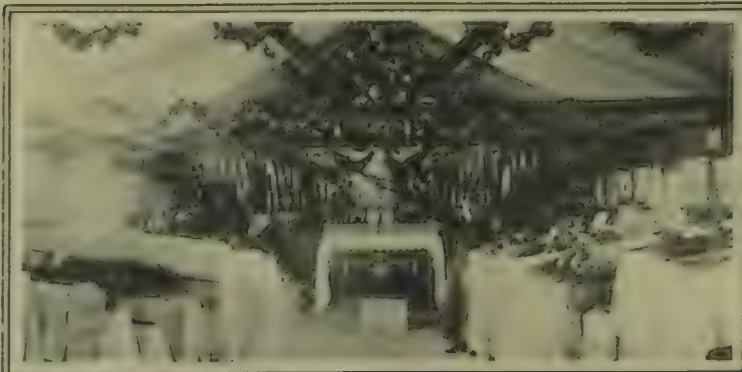
THE SYDNEY CENOTAPH COVERED WITH WREATHS, THE FIRST OF WHICH WAS DEPOSITED BY THE GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES: THE SCENE AFTER THE DEDICATION (ILLUSTRATED ABOVE).

Paris, attended a memorial service in the American War Cemetery at Suresnes, where Marshal Foch delivered an address. Among those present were also General Pershing, Mr. Sheldon Whitehouse (American Chargé d'Affaires), and Mr. Howard P. Savage, National Commander of the Legion.—At Sydney, on August 9, the Cenotaph in Martin Place was dedicated by the Hon. J. T. Lang, Premier and Treasurer of New South Wales. The Governor of the State, Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair, laid the first wreath on the memorial. The speeches were conveyed by loud-speakers fixed on electric light standards, and were heard throughout the huge crowd present on the occasion.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF NOTABLE SCENES.



IN HONOUR OF THE 400,000 DEAD DEFENDERS OF VERDUN: THE MAUSOLEUM BUILT TO ENSHRINE THE BODIES OF FIFTY-TWO SOLDIERS.



HONOURING THE HEROES OF VERDUN: THE INTERIOR OF THE TEMPORARY MORTUARY AT DOUAUMONT, SHOWING THE FIFTY-TWO COFFINS PLACED THERE IN READINESS TO BE CONVEYED TO THE MAUSOLEUM.



A SOLEMN MILITARY PROCESSION AT VERDUN: FRENCH SOLDIERS BEARING THE COFFINS OF THEIR FIFTY-TWO COMRADES TO THE MAUSOLEUM, WHICH CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.



AN INVESTITURE DURBAR IN BENGAL: SIR STANLEY JACKSON, THE GOVERNOR, WITH H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF TRIPURA.



A NOVEL FORM OF TRAINING FOR AN OARSMAN: MR. PERRY PRACTISING ON THE "ROWING MACHINE" IN HIS GARDEN AT WADHURST, SUSSEX.



A GIGANTIC "LEMON" AS A REFRESHMENT BAR IN AMERICA: ONE OF MANY SIMILARLY SHAPED STALLS ERECTED ON THE PACIFIC HIGHWAY IN OREGON.



POWER FROM THE EARTH: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FACTORIES AND WORKS AT LARDERELLO, NEAR VOLTERRA, IN TUSCANY, WHERE SULPHUR VAPOURS EXHALED FROM THE GROUND ARE SAID TO PROVIDE A SOURCE OF ENERGY THAT HAS BEEN UTILISED FOR DRIVING ENGINES AND DYNAMOS.

An impressive ceremony took place on September 19 at Verdun, when the coffins containing the bones of fifty-two Frenchmen, representing the 400,000 who lost their lives on the fifty-two sectors of the Verdun front, were transferred from a temporary mortuary at Douaumont to the grand mausoleum that has been built for them at Verdun.—The Durbar for the investiture of H.H. the Maharajah of Tripura by Sir Stanley Jackson, Governor of Bengal, was held in the picturesque Ujjayanta Palace. Tripura is a state lying among the jungle-covered hills

of East Bengal.—Mr. Perry, the well-known oarsman, uses an ingenious practice device, which consists of an oblong box fixed in bricks, at the side of which there is a tank shaped to accommodate the full swing of an oar.—All along the Pacific highway in the State of Oregon have been erected refreshment stalls built of plaster-of-Paris, shaped and coloured like lemons.—Near Volterra, in Tuscany, there is a veritable natural boiler underground, which ejects sulphur vapour. This vapour has been utilised as a source of mechanical power for many factories.

IN CONTRAST TO THE WESTERN MARRIAGE CEREMONY: A ZULU WEDDING.



THE BRIDAL OR *MTIMBA* PARTY ON THEIR WAY TO THE BRIDEGROOM'S KRAAL: A PROCESSION CARRYING THE BRIDE'S CONTRIBUTION TO HER NEW HOME, INCLUDING A WOODEN PILLOW (WITH LEGS UPSIDE DOWN).



GIRLS OF THE *MTIMBA*, OR BRIDAL PARTY, WHO DANCED IN SECTIONS ACCORDING TO THEIR AGES: A GROUP OF ZULU MAIDENS AT THE WEDDING.



THE BRIDE (STOOPING) CLAD IN THE MARRIED WOMAN'S KILT, SHELTERED FROM VIEW BY HER RETINUE: THE CENTRAL FIGURE



THE "BEST MAN" IN LEOPARD-SKIN CAP: A RELATIVE OF THE BRIDEGROOM WHO ACTS AS HIS COURIER (*UMHLELELI*).



THE BRIDE IN HER WEDDING DRESS: A QUAIN FIGURE CLAD IN OX-HIDE AND COW-TAILS, WITH CAP AND "DOMINO."



COMMUNITY SINGING AND DANCING AT A ZULU WEDDING: MEN WHO DANCE IN SECTIONS ACCORDING TO AGE, AT THE BRIDEGROOM'S KRAAL.



PREPARATIONS FOR DRINKING THE BRIDE'S HEALTH: JARS AND GOURDS CONTAINING A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF *TYALA*, OR NATIVE BEER.

This picturesque Zulu wedding, celebrated recently in the Eshowe district, and Zulu marriage customs in general, were described in the "Natal Mercury." Very important is the *lobola* (payment by the bridegroom, cattle, to the bride's father). "Eleven beasts (we read) are demanded for a commoner's daughter. For the daughter of a chief the prospective bridegroom has to pay from 30 to 40 beasts." First there are elaborate preliminaries of courtship and betrothal. "The wedding may take place a month or even a year later, when the balance of the *lobola* is paid. Two wedding parties form themselves—the bride's party, called the *mtimba*, and the bridegroom's party, known as the *iketo* or *abayeni*. The former leave their home in time to arrive at the bridegroom's kraal about sunset, and when nearing it they form themselves into a compact party so that the bride may not be seen. The ceremony proper begins the following day. . . . All the women

are appropriately dressed, and the bride wears the *isidwaha*, or kilt." A quotation from Mr. Robert Plant's book, "The Zulu in Three Tenses" says: "Dancing in sections by the *mtimba* girls of different ages, and groups of men by themselves, proceeds for perhaps an hour." Next follows a frenzied dance (*uka giya*) performed successively by the bride's father, the bride (with shield and assegai) with her older female friends, the bridegroom, and, lastly, his courier (*umhleleli*), who dances with the other girls. Then the bride kneels before the bridegroom's father, and says: 'Find or receive me, you of my husband's family.' He replies: 'You will treat me kindly; so will I treat you well.' It is now the turn of the bridegroom's party, so the *mtimba* party sit down, while the *iketo* party dance, the gathering dispersing after feasting and much consumption of native beer." The bride's wedding dress is described as being made of ox-hide, decorated with cow-tails.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE MICHAELMAS GOOSE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

WHILE we discourse amiably over the luscious victim which has provided the feast for our Michaelmas Day, we might well turn the conversation from more frivolous themes to the discussion of that twist of the wheel of Chance which gave us our domesticated goose. Some may be bored, some really interested, while some will glow with that sense of virtue which comes to those who devote at least some waking hours to the "improvement of their

Those who are familiar with the cackling goose of our village greens and farmyards will probably be surprised at the range and variety in the matter of size, shape, and coloration which the goose-tribe presents. As a rule, the two sexes are indistinguishable save to the expert. But in some, as in the case of the upland, or Magellan, goose (Fig. 2), they are so different that they might well be taken for distinct species. The male is chiefly pure white, barred with black, and has legs of a dusky hue. The female is of a rufous colour, barred with black, and has yellow legs. More striking is the coloration of the red-breasted goose, a very rare British bird. Herein the forepart of the neck and upper part of the breast, as well as a patch on the side of the head, are of a rich mahogany-red, bordered with white; the rest of the plumage is, for the most part, black, with a greenish metallic gloss. The hinder flanks are white, barred with black, and the abdomen is white. In the accompanying photograph (Fig. 1), the barred flank-feathers are covered by the wings. This barring, it is to be noted, is a common pattern for this region in the geese. The splendour of the red-breasted goose, like that of the Egyptian goose, seems to have attracted the

tendency to diversity of coloration may have been furthered by the aid it gave as a means of recognition between individuals of the same species. But, if we allow this to be counted as a causal relation, we have to remember that, as I have just remarked, young birds are often totally different in appearance from their parents, so that there can certainly be no blind reliance placed on distinction of coloration. "Protective" and "warning" colorations are doubtless derivatives from this tendency to produce variation in the time and rhythm of the deposition of pigment, which expresses itself, as a consequence, in the general character of the coloration as a whole.

Another aspect of this theme is presented by the birds whose plumage is white. This is a common characteristic of Arctic dwellers, both among birds and beasts. Here, without doubt, in many species it has a "useful" purpose, since it furnishes a "concealing coloration." But this will not apply universally. Save the black swan and the black-necked swan, the swan tribe are all pure white—at least as adults. And there are two pure white species of geese—to wit, the North American snow-goose, which is white with black wing-quills and red legs and beak; and the kelp goose of the Falklands, wherein the male is white, but has a black beak and yellow feet, while the female is of a brownish-black, save the hinder end of the body, which is white, and the under-parts, which are black barred with white. There is nothing in the environment which will help to explain this coloration.

There is another aspect of this whiteness which is puzzling. And this I can most easily summarise by taking the case of the gannet. This bird as a nestling in down is pure white. Then it assumes a black plumage spotted with white. For some three years this sombre dress is worn, when it is replaced by white once more. Pigments, of whatever kind, we regard as waste-products; perhaps we should say "bye-products," since, instead of being expelled from the system, as is the rule with waste products, they are deposited in the skin, hair, or feathers, as the case may be, and, furthermore, after such a fashion as to form patterns and hues often of exquisite beauty. What is the nature of the physiological change which, sometimes seasonally, sometimes permanently, inhibits the formation of pigments, producing whiteness as a consequence?

No one seems to have appreciated the fact that in our white breeds of fowls, turkeys, ducks, and geese, as well as in our white cattle, we have a great field for observation and experiment. We are allowing ourselves to be obsessed by "Mendelian" factors, and so diverted from an examination of this problem from the purely physiological standpoint; and this may reveal much. Our Michaelmas goose, it is clear, presents a bewildering number of themes for discussion. But perhaps I have suggested enough to go on with.



FIG. 1.—DECORATIVE BIRDS DEPICTED IN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS: RED-BREASTED GESE (*BERNICLA RUFICOLLIS*) MALE AND FEMALE ALIKE IN COLORATION.

In the red-necked goose the sexes are alike, and vividly coloured: the side of the head and the fore-part of the neck and breast being of a rich mahogany red, bordered with pure white; contrasting with black, glossed with a metallic-green sheen.

minds." A friend of mine once told me that he always did this, from a sense of duty, for one hour before going to bed! What beautiful dreams he must have had!

But to return to our goose. We are yet quite in the dark as to the reason why the grey-lag goose should be the only one of all the many species of geese which is amenable to domestication. Somewhere in Neolithic times, probably—for it was then that man first began to practise agriculture, and so to have a fixed dwelling-place—young birds and beasts brought back after a hunting foray were kept as pets. Some of these took kindly to their captivity, like the horse, the ox and the dog, and the goose among the birds. That is to say, these, and these alone, bred as freely as in the wild state, and so, in a very brief space, they came to be highly prized for the additional hold on life which their possession gave.

Among the geese, experiments may well have been made with the bean, the pink-footed and the white-fronted geese. But these early breeders found, as we have done, that, though they may be kept in captivity, yet they cannot be induced to increase and multiply. We sometimes attribute the backward condition of some savage races to their lack of mental alertness, whereby they fail to appreciate the advantages which would follow the peaceful arts of agriculture and "thremmatology"—though they would hardly have used this word for "animal breeding." Commonly, such people are the victims of circumstance; for it is easier to make bricks without straw than to domesticate races of animals which simply will not lend themselves to persuasion in this direction.

What is true of our goose is true also of our domesticated duck and swan. The mallard is the only one of the many species of the duck-tribe which has proved capable of domestication. A considerable number of species are kept as "ornamental water-fowl." Some breed, but in no case freely. And they also lack the necessary disposition to make them amenable to a farmyard existence. Of the swans, the only species we have succeeded in domesticating is the mute-swan. Is it "temperament," or some as yet undiscovered but vitally important matter of diet, which affects their fecundity?



FIG. 2.—AN UNCOMMON CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SEXES IN THE GOOSE TRIBE: UPLAND, OR MAGELLAN, GESE (*CHLOEPHAGA MAGELLANICA*)—MALE (RIGHT) AND FEMALE.

In the upland goose the male is totally unlike his mate. Her dress, however, is by no means of a primitive type, the coloration being rich and the pattern sharply defined. In the grey lag goose, the ancestor of our domestic bird, the sexes are coloured alike, and in a "sub-fusc hue."

Copyright Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

admiration of the ancient Egyptians, who included both in their hieroglyphics.

We are not yet even on the fringe of discovery as to the factors which govern the coloration of animals, though we do know something as to the sources and nature of the pigments concerned therein. Why, not merely in the different species, but in the two sexes of the same species, is there often such a wide divergence in this matter of coloration? Commonly, again, the young differ totally in coloration from their parents. This inherent



FIG. 3.—THE MYSTERY OF THE YELLOW BEAK: THE CEREOPSIS GOOSE (*CEREOPSIS NOVAE HOLLANDIAE*), AKIN TO THE GIANT FOSSIL FLIGHTLESS GOOSE, *CNEMIORNIS*.

Patches of vivid yellow are common on the beaks of the goose and duck tribe, even when the plumage displays no splendour. This is the case with the Cereopsis goose of S.E. Australia and Tasmania; wherein the base of the beak is greatly swollen, and bright yellow in colour. This bird is closely related to the gigantic fossil flightless goose, *Cnemiornis*.



A BLOODLESS "BULL-FIGHT": PROVENÇAL RUSTIC "MATADORS" SEEK TO PLUCK A COCKADE FROM A BULL'S HEAD.

The picturesque "bull-fight" here illustrated is one of the events connected with the annual pilgrimage to Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, a little village with old traditions on the Camargue, at the mouth of the Rhone. Describing the scene, a French writer says: "In the afternoon the square adjoining the church is barricaded and transformed into an arena. Casks, benches, chairs, and carts serve as a grand stand. Then—

zou!—out comes the bull! The object is to pluck off a cockade that is fixed between the animal's horns. It is not always easy, even for the most expert of *razeteurs*. Certain bulls are famous for their valour and skill in protecting their cockades. There is one, for example, known as 'Le Sanglier,' which makes the crowd run as soon as its name appears on the notice-board. These *courses de cocarde* last a week."

FROM THE WATER COLOUR BY LOUIS MONTAGNE.

British Masterpieces Exhibited at Vienna: A Reynolds.



"MISS HICKEY," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: A BRILLIANT EXAMPLE OF THAT MASTER SHOWN IN THE VIENNA EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART.

Sir Joshua Reynolds is represented by seven pictures in the great Exhibition of British Art which was lately opened by the President of the Austrian Republic in the Secession building at Vienna. The portrait of Miss Hickey has been described as "perhaps the most brilliant of them all." It was lent to the exhibition by its present owner, Mrs. F. Leverton Harris. Among the other examples of Sir

Joshua's work are his "Cupid and Psyche," and his portrait of Thomas Henry Rumbold. The exhibition as a whole covers three centuries of British painting, and includes pictures by Gainsborough, Turner, Romney, Lawrence, Raeburn, Hoppner, and Opie. It has aroused great interest in Vienna, and will doubtless do much to make British art better known on the Continent.

British Masterpieces Exhibited in Vienna: A Romney.

By COURTESY OF SIR JOSEPH DUVEEN, Lt.



"PORTRAIT OF MRS. DAVENPORT (CHARLOTTE, DAUGHTER OF RALPH SNEYD, ESQ.)," BY GEORGE ROMNEY:
ONE OF THE FINEST PICTURES IN THE EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART AT VIENNA.

In the Exhibition of British Art recently opened at Vienna, including representative masterpieces of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, are some fine examples of Romney. Almost all the pictures shown are the property of private owners. That reproduced above was lent by Sir Joseph Duveen, who bought it in a sale at Christie's, in July last year, for £60,900.

It was afterwards taken to New York, by a special escort, and was shown at Messrs. Duveen's art galleries there. Mrs. Davenport was Charlotte, daughter of Ralph Sneyd, and she married Davies Davenport, of Capesthorpe, in 1777. Her husband was M.P. for Cheshire. The subject is so charming that it was chosen for the poster advertising the Vienna Exhibition.

TALKS ABOUT WHISKY

"According to a Mincing Lane Merchant it takes seven years to train a tea-taster. Beer-tasting, on the other hand, doesn't need to be taught. It's a gift!" Punch, June 1st, 1927.

If the tea-taster—after his seven years' matriculation—wants to advertise his tea in Punch, he may be graciously permitted to do so.

No so the gifted Beer-taster, nor indeed any gifted taster of wines or spirits.

When one remembers that it was the advertising pages of Punch that helped more than any other paper to make world-wide the fame of—

Haig

WHISKY

and further when it is remembered that the excellent suggestion of a trade paper was not taken, viz., that a suitable sequel to Punch's refusal to take advertisements of Wines and Spirits would be to refund a lot of the money paid for these advertisements—one may be permitted to smile on reading the quoted Punch paragraph.

But we used to laugh *with* Punch!—

Some very wealthy and (sometimes) delightful American people who compliment this country by living in it in preference to their own would like to see Great Britain follow the bad example of America, which country prohibits the advertising of all stimulants.

If America and Punch wish to be consistent, they should not only cease to advertise but should also cease to *use* all stimulants.

As a matter of fact neither of them do

Haig

WHISKY

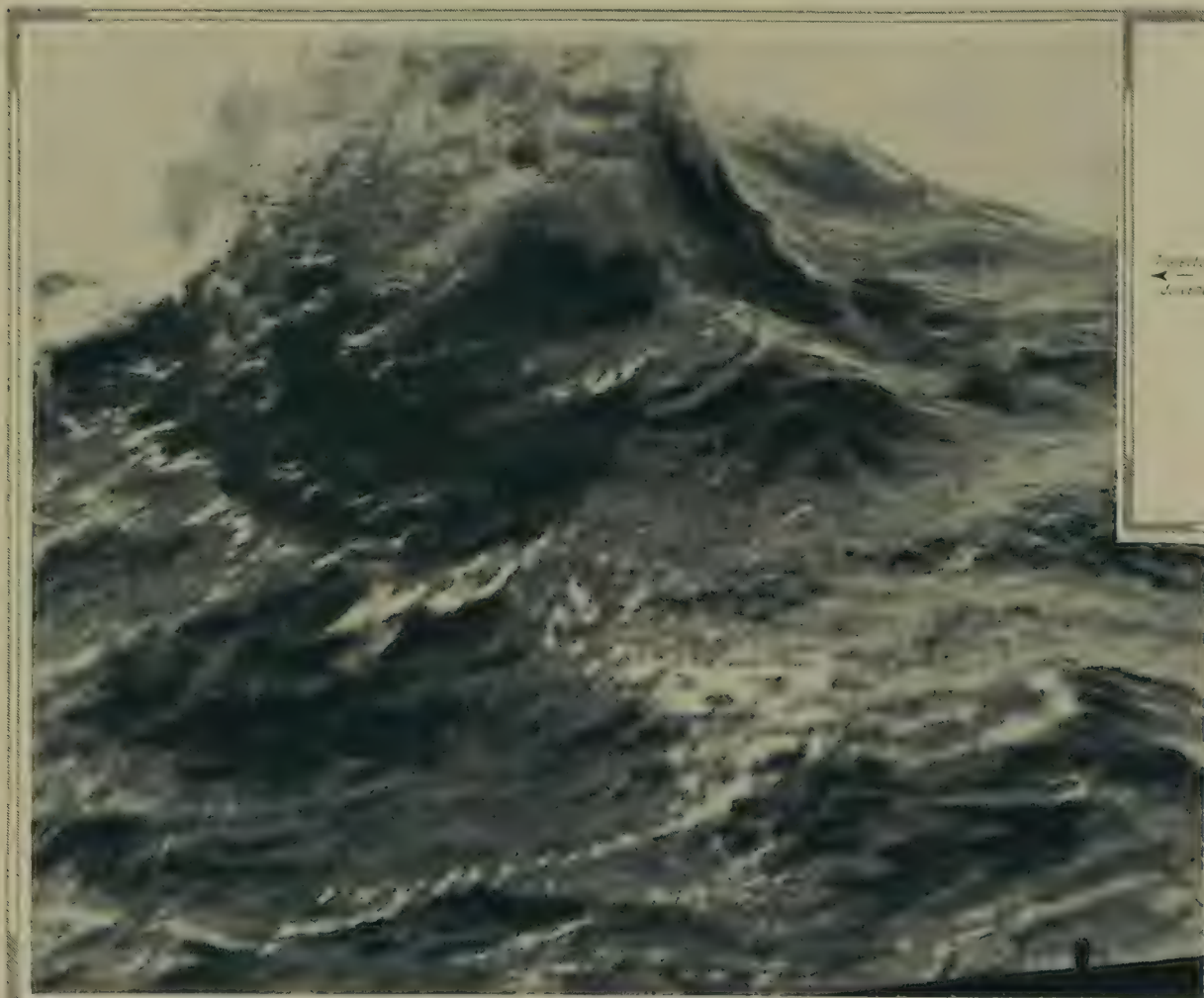
has been on sale for 300 years, and at no period in the preceding 299 years have their sales been as great as they are in the 300th Anniversary of their existence.

Haig quality explains this. You should not say "Whisky and Soda": you should always say,

"HAIG and SODA"



WHAT A CYCLONE REALLY MEANS: A MUCH-READ-OF PHENOMENON.

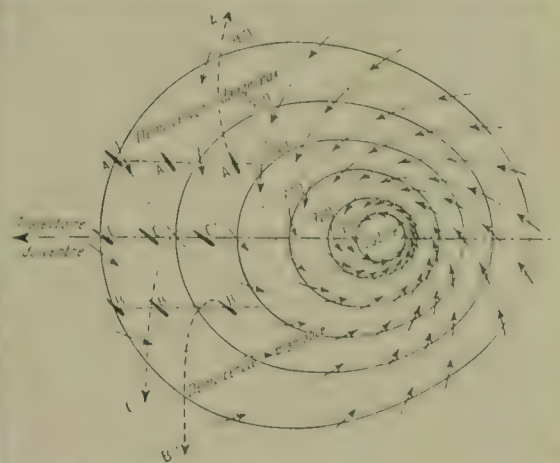


THE GREAT PYRAMIDAL WAVE AT THE CENTRE OF THE CYCLONE.

Over this wave there is a chimney of air at very low pressure, at the top of which blue sky is often visible as the cyclone passes. Although this chimney is perfectly calm, around it air is pouring in from all sides from high-pressure areas and rushing upwards to fill up the eddy of low pressure in the atmosphere. The sea is sucked up into this vortex, so causing a pyramid or mound of water.

AN ENORMOUS WAVE (25 TO 30 FEET HIGH) ENCOUNTERED AFTER PASSING THROUGH THE CENTRE OF THE CYCLONE: A VIEW FROM THE DECK OF THE "POURQUOI PAS?"

The area of greatest disturbance in a cyclone is always that following the central vortex. Hence the wind, which shifts through almost a whole half-circle when the vortex passes, becomes much stronger, and the waves attain their greatest magnitude.



A DIAGRAM OF A CYCLONIC DISTURBANCE IN THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE.

This diagram shows the various ways of escape for vessels in the danger zone. In the semi-circular area of danger where the winds blow in the same direction as the cyclone is moving, vessels can get clear by sailing as close to the wind as possible, keeping it on their starboard, or right, side (A A A). In what is known as the navigable half-circle, where the winds blow in the opposite direction to the cyclone, vessels can get clear by keeping the wind on their starboard side, but rather behind them (B B B). A vessel lying on the trajectory can follow the same course (C C C). It will be noted that the above diagram is lettered in French: the phrases "demi-cercle dangereux" and "demi-cercle maniable" represent, of course, the dangerous and the navigable half-circles respectively; while the line marked "trajectoire du centre" represents the line and direction on which the whole cyclone is moving.



Cyclonic disturbances have recently assumed a greater importance by reason of the greatness of the disaster in Japan and the nearness of that in Holland. Cyclones are a common atmospheric phenomenon, forming, indeed, with anti-cyclones, the two chief causes of wind in general. Their cause is simply an area of low atmospheric pressure into which the surrounding high-pressure air pours. The movement of the earth's surface and atmosphere gives to this influx the circular movement which is characteristic of them. They are usually preceded by heavy seas which travel faster than the cyclone itself, and by long trails of cirrus clouds high in the atmosphere, which takes on a red, coppery glow at sunrise and sundown. As the cyclone approaches,

the sky assumes a heavy, lowering aspect, accompanied by short showers of rain and gusts of wind. To run before the wind is then to court disaster, for this leads straight into the dreaded disturbance at the centre. Then comes a period of calm while the vortex moves past, with a considerable rise in the level of the sea under the area of lowest barometric pressure: the wind begins to blow with increased force from the opposite direction, while the waves rise to enormous heights. On the land a cyclone's force of suction is so great that roofs are torn off, trees and bundles of straw and even animals lifted up and whirled in the air, as happened recently at Overysse in Holland.

WHERE THE "TORERO" DOES NOT HAVE IT ALL HIS OWN WAY.



1. THE BULL HAS STRUCK HIS ADVERSARY ONCE AND THROWN HIM DOWN: OTHER BULL-FIGHTERS ATTEMPT TO DISTRACT THE ANIMAL'S ATTENTION.



2. A CURIOUS SNAPSHOT OF A BULL-FIGHTER TOSSED IN THE AIR: SHOWING THE "BANDERILLAS," OR DARTS, STICKING IN THE BULL'S BACK.



3. VICTORY TO THE BULL, WHO HAS DISABLED HIS ADVERSARY WITH A SINGLE BLOW.



4. WHERE A SLIP MAY MEAN DEATH: A FALLEN BULL-FIGHTER ABOUT TO BE ATTACKED BY THE BULL.



5. A SKILFUL MANŒUVRE: THOUGH "DOWNED," THE BULL-FIGHTER HAS THROWN HIS CAPE OVER THE BULL AND SO PREVENTED HIM FROM STRIKING.



6. HERE THE MAN HAS RECEIVED A BLOW ON HIS RIGHT LEG, AND HE ATTEMPTS TO WARD OFF ANOTHER THRUST WITH HIS HAND.

It has been said that "where an Englishman goes to a cricket match, a Spaniard goes to a bull-fight." Bull-fighting is generally condemned, especially by English writers, but the above photographs show very clearly that the advantages are by no means all against the bull. Great skill is required of the bull-fighter to win a victory over the wily animal with its long horns and great striking power. In fact, the above photographs, taken at close quarters, show what is only another version of that ancient theme—man versus beast—so popular with "thrillmongers" nowadays; but a version where man has to rely only on his natural advantages over the least in the arena—skill and foresight. However much we may condemn bull-fighting for its cruelty to bulls and horses, we cannot but admire the skill and courage of the bull-fighters. The above photographs show various manœuvres of the bull and his opponents.

PATHOS BEHIND THE BULL-RING: A STUDY IN SUSPENSE.



"THE VICTIM OF THE SPANISH FESTIVAL": A COMPLEMENT TO THE SCENES SHOWN OPPOSITE.

In a note on his picture reproduced above, Mr. Wynne Apperley writes: "Much has been written about the sufferings undergone by animals in bull-fights, but I doubt whether anyone outside Spain has ever given a thought to the lot of the bull-fighter's wife, whose terrible suspense and anxiety I have attempted to depict in this picture." That she has good cause to be anxious for her husband's safety is evidenced by the photo-

graphs of a bull-fight given on the opposite page. Mr. Wynne Apperley, whose work is familiar to our readers, and to those of the "Sketch," is a grandson of the famous sporting writer C. J. Apperley, better known as Nimrod. Mr. Apperley first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1905, and has subsequently held several exhibitions in London, and he has also shown in the Paris Salon, the Venice International, and at Madrid.

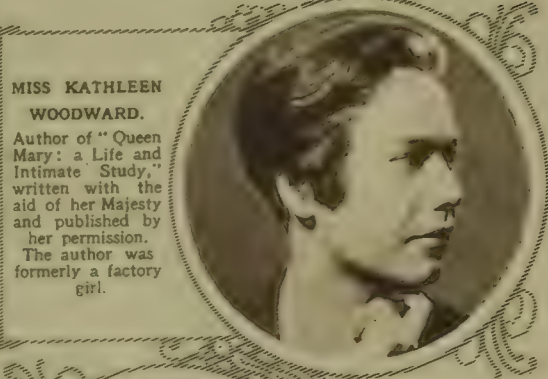
PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



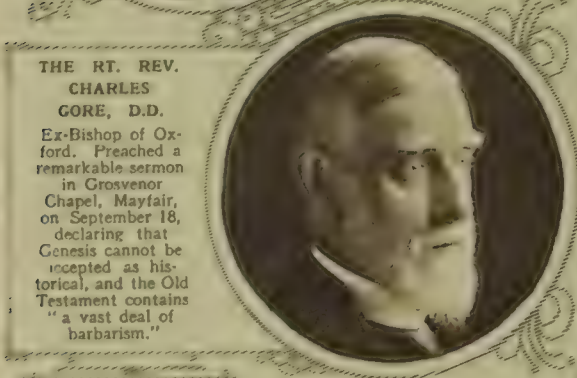
PROF.
E. C. Baly.
Professor of Inorganic Chemistry, Liverpool University. Has recently made experiments of extraordinary interest, in the production of artificial food in the laboratory, imitating natural processes by means of light.



A PEACEABLE "ENCOUNTER": THE BOXERS WHO ARRANGED TO CONTEST THE WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP—(L. TO R.) TUNNEY AND DEMPSEY.



MISS KATHLEEN
WOODWARD.
Author of "Queen Mary: a Life and Intimate Study," written with the aid of her Majesty and published by her permission. The author was formerly a factory girl.



THE RT. REV.
CHARLES
GORE, D.D.
Ex-Bishop of Oxford. Preached a remarkable sermon in Grosvenor Chapel, Mayfair, on September 18, declaring that Genesis cannot be accepted as historical, and the Old Testament contains "a vast deal of barbarism."



MR. JAMES
LARKIN.
The well-known Communist, who won a seat for Mr. de Valera's party in the recent Irish Free State elections. Mr. Larkin was elected for one of the eight seats in Dublin City (North).



A FAMOUS CLASSICAL DANCER, KILLED AT NICE IN A REMARKABLE MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT: MISS ISADORA DUNCAN.



HIS MAJESTY AND HIS ROYAL GUEST FROM BULGARIA AT BALMORAL: (LEFT TO RIGHT) KING BORIS, KING GEORGE, AND THE DUKE OF YORK.



THE NEW GIRL GOLF CHAMPION: MISS DIANA FISHWICK, WHO BEAT MISS IRENE TAYLOR IN THE FINAL.



COUNTESS TORBY.
(Died, September 14, aged fifty-nine.) Wife of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. Granddaughter of the Russian poet, Pushkin. Formerly famous as a hostess in England and on the Riviera.



PRINCESS ANNE OF FRANCE.
Princess Anne's engagement to her cousin, Prince Amedeo, Duke of Apulia, was recently announced. She is the third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Guise, and is just twenty-one.



THE DUKE OF APULIA.
Prince Amedeo of Savoy-Aosta, Duke of Apulia, who is engaged to Princess Anne of France, is a cousin of the King of Italy, who has given his consent to the marriage. The Duke will be twenty-five in October.



MR. EDWARD LEE-WARNER.
(Born, 1845; Died, September 14.) The last of a well-known Norfolk family of brothers. Formerly partner in the banking house of Sir Samuel Scott, Cavendish Square. Retired in 1889.

Professor E. C. Baly recently reported to the Royal Society experiments in producing artificial food in the laboratory, conducted by him and his co-workers in bio-chemistry at Liverpool University.—Bishop Gore said in his recent sermon: "The Old Testament will become a more profitable thing when we admit that, by its nature, it is imperfect, and contains a vast deal of barbarism."—The return boxing match between Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey, for the Heavyweight Championship of the world, was arranged to take place at Chicago on September 22. A "record" crowd was expected.—Miss Kathleen Woodward, whose very interesting memoir of the Queen has just appeared, was formerly employed in a London collar factory. She has since been a stewardess in a liner and a club cashier. Her Majesty gave Miss Woodward permission to write the book

and talked with her about it.—In the Irish Free State election the Government gains were counterbalanced by those of Mr. de Valera's party, Fianna Fail.—Miss Isadora Duncan was killed at Nice while trying a new car. Her scarf became entangled in a wheel and she was dragged to the ground and run over. Six years ago her two children and their nurse were drowned in the Seine at Neuilly, also as the result of a singular motor-car accident.—King Boris of Bulgaria left Balmoral on September 15. The next day he laid a wreath on the Unknown Warrior's grave in Westminster Abbey.—Countess Torby and her husband used to entertain, before the war, at Ken Wood, Hampstead, where they gave a memorable ball in June 1914.—The Duke of Apulia served in the war with distinction as a volunteer. He is a keen sportsman, and has travelled much in Africa.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY

PORTRAITS OF THE HON. GEORGE AND THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES FROM MINIATURES BY MISS MAY B. LEE, R.M.S.



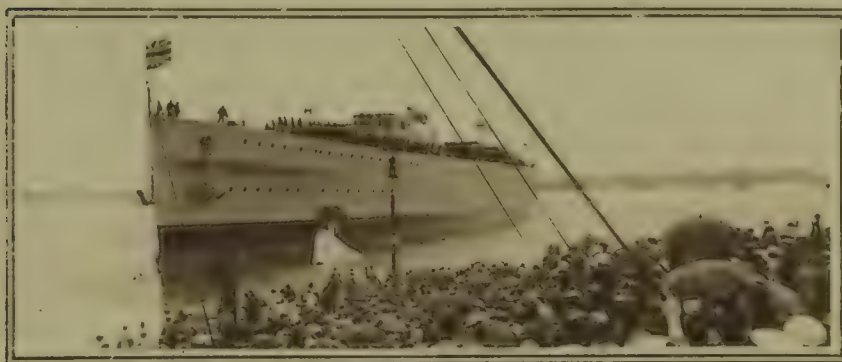
PRINCESS MARY'S ELDER SON: A CHARMING MINIATURE OF THE HON. GEORGE LASCELLES, AGED FOUR.



AN AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL WAR MEMORIAL: THE MONUMENT AT THE GEELONG CHURCH OF ENGLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOL, CORIO, VICTORIA—YOUTH CRUSHING THE BIRD OF EVIL.



PRINCESS MARY'S YOUNGER SON: A MINIATURE OF THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES, AGED THREE.



A NEW ADDITION TO THE NAVY: H.M.S. "LONDON," THE LATEST CRUISER, AFTER BEING LAUNCHED BY LADY BLADES, LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON.



THE AUSTRALIAN NAVY: THE NEW SUBMARINE "OTWAY," BUILT BY MESSRS. VICKERS FOR THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT.



AFTER CROSSING THE CHANNEL IN A RUBBER BOAT WITH PADDLES: ADVENTUROUS AUSTRIAN STUDENTS, WILLI WEHRLE AND WALTHER KLAUSMEYER, AT ST. MARGARET'S BAY, NEAR DOVER.



THE GERMAN NAVY: BATTLESHIPS AND CRUISERS PASSING IN REVIEW BEFORE PRESIDENT HINDENBURG.



WITH A TYPICAL GERMAN CRUISER IN THE FOREGROUND: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GERMAN NAVAL REVIEW TAKEN FROM THE PRESS BOAT.

The portraits of the Hon. George and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, the two sons of Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and of Viscount Lascelles, are the work of the well-known miniature and water-colour artist, Miss May Lee.—The Geelong Grammar School, at Corio, in Victoria, lost a fifth of its old boys during the war. The War Memorial illustrated above was opened last June. Among those present were the Governor-General of Australia and the Archbishop of Melbourne.—

H.M.S. "London," recently launched at Portsmouth, is the latest of a long line of "Londons," the first of them built by Oliver Cromwell.—The Australian Navy, which at present numbers four cruisers and eleven destroyers, has recently been increased by the addition of an up-to-date submarine built in England.—The German Navy, though limited by the Peace Treaties of 1919 to a fleet designed solely for coast defence, still forms an object of German national interest.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Follow the King.

When the King, at the recent Balmoral fête in aid of the Crathie Hall, acted as salesman in the flower tent, doing a roaring trade and obviously enjoying himself immensely, he did a far, far better thing than anyone probably realised at the time. It was not only that he helped the Crathie Hall fund enormously, and at the same time provided so many of his loyal subjects with flowers that will be preserved as heirlooms, or even that he added a bright incident to the royal domestic annals. He lighted a little candle which the wise women interested in all affairs in aid of charities will take care to keep alight. There have always been brave and noble men who have taken their share in charitable endeavours, from bazaars to matinées, and more of them than ever since pageants became so popular. But most of the husbands, fathers, and brothers have been content to leave the hard work to the women, thinking they have done their share by spending money. They will not get off so lightly in future.

The Duchess at St. Leonard's.

Many mistaken people think of St. Andrews as a place of great distinction, because of its cathedral or its university, or, stranger still, because of its golf, but thousands of women all over the world know that its real glory is the famous St. Leonard's School, which has set its seal on themselves, or on their teachers. The first of October will be a great day for St. Leonard's, for its new acquisition, an old house where Mary Queen of Scots once lived, with a library added, is to be opened by the Duchess of York. How very young she will feel in the presence

of the other most honoured guest, Dame Louisa Lumsden, who was born eighty-six years ago, and who, after opening a new path for women as one of the Girton pioneers, opened new doors for girls when she became the first headmistress of St. Leonard's. That was in 1877, and though she resigned five years later, she had created a tradition which survives to this day. She has had several successors, including Miss Dove, and the present headmistress, Miss McCutcheon, is a woman with a whole string of academic letters after her name.

Every second year a great many of the former students

A GUEST AT THE WOMEN'S ENGINEERING SOCIETY'S DINNER: LADY BAILEY, A FAMOUS WOMAN AVIATOR.

return to St. Leonard's to celebrate what they call Senior Week, and there will be more than ever next month. Among them will be Lady Rhondda, Mrs. Chalmers Watson, who was head of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps during the war; Baroness Clifton, and Mrs. Archdale. St. Leonard's set a new ideal for girls' public schools. It was the first to recognise that it was as good for girls as it had been proved to be for boys to have certain responsibilities and a share in supervision. It is interesting to reflect how seldom people who set new ideas going understand where they will lead—as, for instance, that Lady Rhondda, when she became a house mistress, would learn something that helped her in her fight for equal rights.

Marchioness Curzon.

Lady Curzon of Kedleston, who is on her way to the Argentine with her son, Mr. Hubert Duggan, intends to make a long stay there, and will not be home till the end of December. She has business

interests in South America, where her father-in-law, Mr. Thomas Duggan, made a great fortune; but an added special attraction is that her daughter, Mrs.



ENTERTAINED BY THE WOMEN'S ENGINEERING SOCIETY AT DINNER LAST WEEK: THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE, A WELL-KNOWN WOMAN MOTORIST.

late Lord Curzon ten years ago. Those ten years have been crowded for Lady Curzon with brilliant incidents. In more leisurely times one would imagine her beguiling the long voyage to the home of her youth by a detailed retrospect, comparing her memories of her first arrival at Buenos Aires as a very young girl, unused to great luxury, with her return as a great London hostess, the widow of a distinguished statesman, the stepmother of three very modern young women, each of whom has shown marked individuality of character, and the mother of a bride who interests people very much. But life on a millionaire ship does not afford the passengers much leisure.

Women Engineers.

Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, one of the three women aviators entertained by the Women's Engineering Society at the dinner they gave last week at the Lyceum Club in connection with their conference, is a pioneer of both aviation and engineering for women. She was one of the first women to qualify for a pilot's certificate, and before the war she had established an aeroplane factory which she conducted very usefully during the war period. Her son, who is now in command at Calshot, received his training as a pilot from her. The other flying

Edward Rice, and her husband, are spending part of their prolonged honeymoon in Buenos Aires, where of course, Lady Curzon has a great many friends. She and her beautiful sister spent part of their girlhood there with a wealthy uncle, and it was there that she married Mr. Alfredo Duggan. She and her husband afterwards came to England, and lived for some years at Burfield, Old Windsor, where Mr. Duggan died twelve years ago. One remembers the sensation the lovely Mrs. Duggan created in London, and how interested everyone was in her marriage to the

late Lord Curzon ten years ago. Those ten years have been crowded for Lady Curzon with brilliant incidents. In more leisurely times one would imagine her beguiling the long voyage to the home of her youth by a detailed retrospect, comparing her memories of her first arrival at Buenos Aires as a very young girl, unused to great luxury, with her return as a great London hostess, the widow of a distinguished statesman, the stepmother of three very modern young women, each of whom has shown marked individuality of character, and the mother of a bride who interests people very much. But life on a millionaire ship does not afford the passengers much leisure.



THE MARRIAGE OF PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY'S SON: MR. AND MRS. BASIL MURRAY.

Miss Pauline Newton, daughter of Mr. Algernon Newton, the well-known artist, and of Mrs. Newton, was married to Mr. Basil Murray, second son of Professor Gilbert Murray and Lady Mary Murray, on September 16.

guests were Lady Bailey and Mrs. Elliot-Lynn. Women motorists were represented by Miss Violet Cordery and the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce. All these women have won distinction on the merit of their achievements, and not because they are women. The women engineers are on their way to a similar position. The first conference of women engineers attracted a good deal of attention because it was such a novelty, but every year it is taken more as a matter of course.

Lady Crewe.

People have been wondering for some time whether Lord Crewe, our Ambassador in Paris, would return to England when he had completed the five years which is the usual period of office, or whether he would be asked to remain for another term, as one of the most successful Ambassadors we have had in Paris for many years. Everyone is satisfied now, for he is to stay on till the end of next year. Lord Crewe is a man of great wisdom, many interests, and possesses much personal charm, and his wife is as popular as he. She was Lady Peggy Primrose, Lord Rosebery's younger daughter, and she was only eighteen when she married Lord Crewe, whose eldest daughter by his first wife was just the same age. She is a handsome woman with a gracious manner, a keen sense of humour, and a pleasant wit, and she gets on excellently with people of the most various types. She was much liked by all her colleagues when she acted as Chairman of the Central Committee for Women's Employment, and was associated so intimately with Mary Macarthur, Margaret Bondfield, Lady Askwith, Mrs. H. J. Tennant, and other notable expert women.



A GUEST AT THE WOMEN'S ENGINEERING SOCIETY'S DINNER: MRS. ELLIOT-LYNN.

The Brabazon Employment Society.

In a paragraph which appeared on this page a fortnight ago, where reference was made to Lord Meath and his philanthropy, it was stated that he had introduced handicrafts to the workhouses and founded the Brabazon Society. Lord Meath himself, in a kindly letter, has corrected this statement, and pointed out that it was his wife, the late Countess of Meath, who founded the Brabazon Employment Society, and that it was entirely her own idea. The inspiration arose out of a tragedy that occurred more than forty years ago, when a poor man, the inmate of a workhouse, committed suicide because he felt that "life without some work or interest was an unendurable, life-long torture." "Pity," said the author of "Rab and His Friends," "should be a motive, not an emotion." Lady Meath, who was at the time Lady Ardee, was shocked by the tragedy, and she realised how monotonous and intolerable life in workhouse and infirmary wards must be to many hundreds of thousands of people, aged, ill, or physically defective, who had nothing to do; so she set to work to find a remedy, and straightway founded the Brabazon Employment Society to provide them with occupations and training. She insisted on the importance of this being done in a systematic way by responsible people, and began by lending the money that was needed for materials. As a result of her practical sympathy, the lives of countless people have been rendered happy and useful, and not least of the benefits has been the changed atmosphere in many institutions.

NATURE—ARTIFICIAL AND OTHERWISE—IN VARIOUS MOODS.



A JAPANESE GARDEN IN ENGLAND, WITH ITS TEA-HOUSE, FOOTBRIDGE, AND A LILY POOL: THE GAZE EXHIBIT AT THE SOUTHPORT FLOWER SHOW—AN INTERESTING VARIATION FROM THE USUAL TYPE OF FORMAL GARDEN.



A FAMOUS STATESMAN AS BIRD-LOVER: VISCOUNT GREY FEEDING WILD DUCKS AT A LAKE ON HIS ESTATE AT FALLODON, RECENTLY OPENED TO THE PUBLIC IN AID OF THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA MEMORIAL.



"ONE OF THE VEGETABLE WONDERS OF THE WORLD": THE GIANT ARUM (*AMORPHOPHALLUS TITANUM*) AT KEW GARDENS, WITH SPATHE "ROLLED-UP LIKE A CLOSED UMBRELLA," A FEW DAYS BEFORE ITS RECENT FLOWERING.



THE GIANT ARUM AT KEW IN PERFECT FLOWER (FOR A FEW HOURS ONLY: FIVE DAYS AFTER THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN: A VERY RARE EVENT THAT HAS HAPPENED ONLY TWICE BEFORE IN ENGLAND.



NATURE IN DESTRUCTIVE MOOD: FOREST FIRES IN CORSICA, WHICH RIVALLED IN EXTENT AND DEVASTATION THOSE OF THE RIVIERA—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT NIGHT FROM THE PREVENTORIUM OF LURI, ON CAPE CORSICA, AT A HEIGHT OF NEARLY TWO THOUSAND FEET.

Our first photograph illustrates a delightful Japanese garden, lately exhibited at the Southport Flower Show by Messrs. W. H. Gaze and Sons, of Surbiton. It was awarded a special gold medal and a silver medal.—Viscount Grey recently opened to the public the grounds of Falldon, his Northumbrian estate, on behalf of the National Memorial to Queen Alexandra. Lord Grey is devoted to birds, and wild life generally, and Falldon is preserved as a bird sanctuary, surrounded by fox-proof fences.—The recent flowering of the Giant Arum at Kew Gardens aroused great interest. Dr. George H. Rodman, Hon.F.R.P.S., who sent us these unique photographs, says that the first one shows it "with spathe rolled up like a closed umbrella, on September 12." In the other (taken on September 17) is

seen the perfect flower, with the spathe unrolled, revealing the tall spadix or central column. "The spathe," he writes, "remains open a few hours only, and during this time emits a nauseating stench. The present specimen was received from Sumatra last May, when the tuber weighed some 35 lb. The flowering very rarely happens in this country, where the plant has only produced flowers on two previous occasions. It may be regarded as one of the vegetable wonders of the world." In a previous specimen the spadix was 5 ft. high, and the spathe 3 ft. long and 4 ft. across. The recent flower was a little smaller.—Destructive forest fires have occurred this summer in Corsica, and, as on the Riviera, some of them have been traced to incendiaries.

Fashions & Fancies

The exquisite workmanship of this jewellery proves unmistakably that it comes from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W. The earring on the left is in a beautiful design of jade, onyx, and diamonds.

Seen at the **Feminine London Fashion Parades.** is now absorbed

in the entrancing pastime of watching long parades of mannequins displaying the hitherto carefully guarded secrets of the new fashions. The models are more interesting than they have been for several seasons, for the modes lend themselves to individuality, and each designer has different methods of expression. The uneven hem-line, for instance, is introduced in hosts of different ways. There is the picture frock, of course, with its very full skirt dipping to the heels at the back; but even newer is the very tight straight dress with the unevenness caused by a sudden drapery or flare appearing unexpectedly. One very smart model is carried out in the new ring velvet, straight and tight-fitting and encircled by a narrow belt, and ending in three tiny frills which dip almost like a fantail at one side. This fascinating material, which is soft and supple as chiffon, and even transparent, can be draped to perfection, and is sometimes printed and brocaded. One lovely dress is printed with rows of poppies, and another has broad stripes of brocade in rich Oriental colourings.

Moiré and Satin.

Moiré in a lovely shade of wine red also appears amongst the models, cleverly manipulated to form a deep cross-over corsage with a huge bow on one hip, and long flowing ends developing into a double side train. Reversible satin has also come to the fore again, and its wonderful draping qualities render it particularly appropriate for this season's silhouette. Several dresses are designed with layers of the material laid across each other and stitched down in zigzag patterns, showing alternately the shiny and the dull surface. From the waist down, the material falls in soft folds which end in points of different lengths. Stitching is used as a decoration for frocks as well as hats. A chiffon, for instance, has so many tiny tucks stitched down that the corsage looks quilted, while the skirt flutters in a mass of tiny flutes.

Wrap-Over Coats.

Every woman will have to learn the graceful Spanish pose of hand on hip this winter, for coats are to have no fastening, but to wrap over and be held negligently (but firmly) in place. Consequently, fur all down the front, outlining the rounded corner of the coat, is very noticeable, and lynx and skunk are favourite species. Long-haired furs are certainly the most fashionable for trimmings, while for whole coats smooth broadtail reigns supreme as the smartest. There are many coats, too, made of panne velvet patterned like broadtail, and at a distance it is quite easy to mistake the cloth for the fur. The intricate markings of the broadtail are reproduced marvellously.

In opposition to *grande toilette* oftwee'd-trimmed same way. longer relegated or sporting town coats are season in new fully soft in texture in rich shades wine colours. on these coats

these rather wraps are coats with fur in the Tweed is no to the country occasions. Smart expressed this tweeds, wonder-ture and woven of purple and Furs are used in exactly the

THE STAGE IS SET, THE AUDIENCE WAITS, AND THE MANNEQUINS ARE MAKING THEIR OFFICIAL AUTUMN CURTSEYS MODESTLY IN LONGER SKIRTS.

same manner as on the others, bordering the edges and giving a soft silky silhouette. The coats may also wrap over, and are sometimes lined with moleskin or with dormouse.

This wonderful bracelet is of sapphire and diamonds, the pendant of diamonds and platinum, and the earring on the right of baroque pearls and diamonds.

Perfect Modern Jewellery.

Perfect specimens of modern jewellery are those pictured above, whose exquisite workmanship gives another convincing proof to the well-known fact that the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W., have, with justice, a reputation all over the world for the beauty of their gems. The wide flexible bracelet across the top is of sapphire and diamonds, and the pendant of diamonds and platinum. On the left is a jade, onyx, and diamond ear-ring, and opposite another in pearls and diamonds. It must be remembered that this firm are famous for their wonderful collection of pearls, and they have instituted the splendid idea of the Add-a-Pearl necklace. This means that you may acquire a single pearl on a platinum chain, and every year another pearl is added; so that, in the case of a child, by the time she is grown up she has a beautiful necklace, and has had the pleasure of it for many years as well.

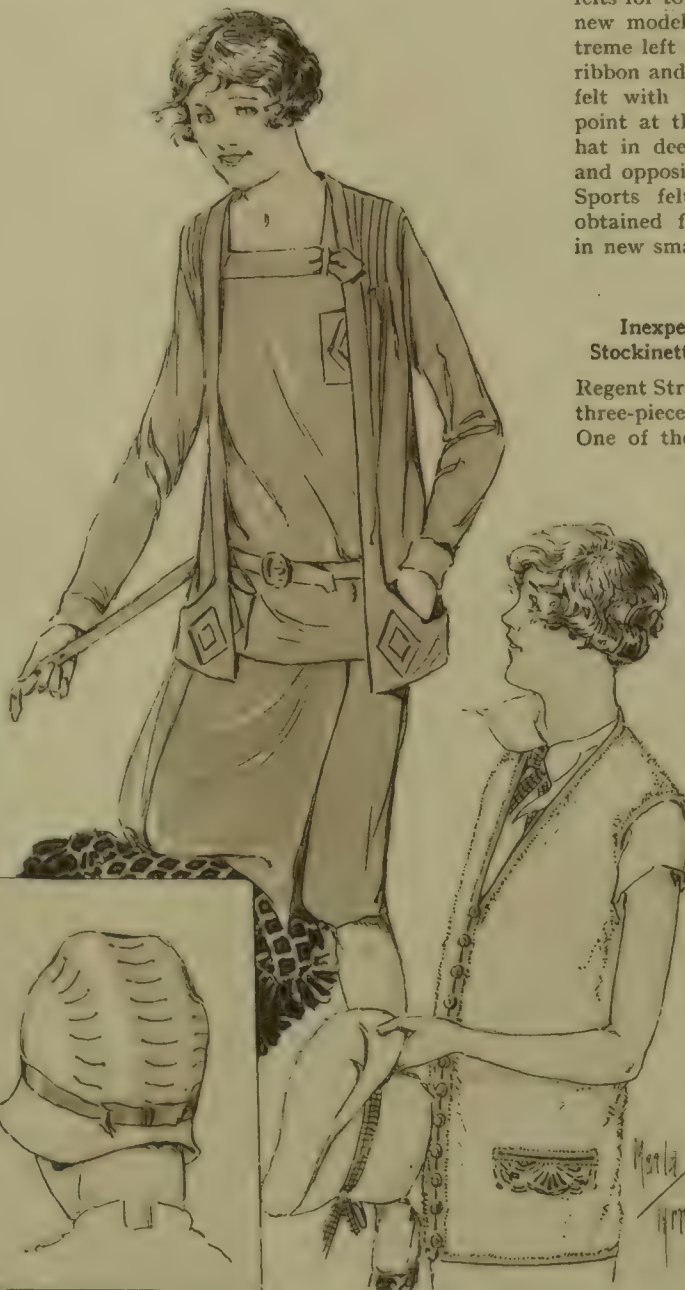
Felt Hats for Town and Country.

Every well-dressed woman knows the hats of Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge, S.W., who specialise in unspottable and uncrushable felts for town and country. A quartette of attractive new models are pictured on this page. On the extreme left is a dark-red felt trimmed with petersham ribbon and small tucks in the crown. Next is a fawn felt with the turned-up brim cut in a fascinating point at the back. The third is a captivating little hat in deep red decorated with lines of tiny tucks, and opposite is a larger shape in soft moorland tints. Sports felts, which are quite waterproof, can be obtained from 30s. upwards, and unspottable felts in new smart shapes range from 45s.

Inexpensive Stockinette Suits.

Stockinette suits will continue to be as fashionable as ever this season, and Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street, W., are making a speciality of attractive three-piece ensembles at the modest price of 49s. 9d. One of the several styles available is pictured here.

Then there are other models with plain cardigan coat and skirt and striped jumper available for 5½ guineas; and stockinette dresses, well cut and pleated, can be obtained from 45s. 9d. up to 6½ guineas. Pictured also is a sleeveless cardigan jumper of Angora wool trimmed with pearl buttons and embroidery. The price is 52s. 9d. Jumpers of Angora with embroidered motifs are 65s. 9d., and sleeveless cardigans of every description can be secured for 8s. 11d.



Ideal for the early autumn wardrobe are the simple accessories in the centre, which were sketched at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W. The three-piece ensemble is in wool stockinette, and the sleeveless cardigan of Angora wool, gaily embroidered. Below is a group of new autumn felts from Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge, S.W., showing the tucked crowns and varied brims which are the vogue of the moment.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



POPULAR INTEREST IN AN ATTEMPTED ATLANTIC FLIGHT: CROWDS ROUND CAPTAIN MCINTOSH'S AEROPLANE, "PRINCESS XENIA," AFTER ITS FORCED RETURN TO IRELAND.



THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR PLAISTOW, WHERE A GOODS TRAIN RAN INTO A SOUTHEAST EXCURSION TRAIN: AN OIL-TRUCK AND DAMAGED COACHES.



A STRANGE LECTURING GARB: MAHATMA GHANDI ADDRESSING AN AUDIENCE OF INDIAN WOMEN STUDENTS AT THE VELLORE MEDICAL SCHOOL.



PROTECTION AGAINST PIRATES IN CHINESE WATERS: AN ARMED INDIAN GUARD, ON A HONG-KONG AND CANTON RIVER-STEAMER, BEHIND A GRILLE PREVENTING ACCESS TO THE BRIDGE.



THE ITALIAN NATIONAL DRAMATIC FESTIVAL: D'ANNUNZIO'S NEW PLAY BEING ACTED ROUND AN ARTIFICIAL GROTTO IN HIS OWN GROUNDS, BESIDE LAKE GARDA.

Captain R. McIntosh, who, with Commt. J. Fitzmaurice, started to fly the Atlantic from Ireland, was forced by bad weather to return and landed at Ballybunion, in Kerry.—In the railway accident near Plaistow some oil-trucks fell across the electrified rails and a fire started, but was quickly extinguished with sand.—On September 1, Ghandi began a tour of South India, after his recovery from his recent illness.—Special measures are needed to protect vessels in Chinese waters from pirates. In our photograph an Indian guard is seen posted behind a grille to defend the ship's bridge.—In connection with the recent national festival



WHERE THE AUDIENCE HAD TO TURN THEIR SEATS ROUND BETWEEN THE ACTS: A PLAY ON TWO STAGES—THE FIRST ACT OF D'ANNUNZIO'S "FIGLIO DI LORIO."

in Italy, plays, mostly by d'Annunzio, the famous airman-poet, have been acted in many of the towns of Italy. But none could rival that given by the side of Lake Garda. The entrance fee was almost prohibitive—1000 lire, or nearly £11. The King and Queen of Italy were in the audience. The performance took place in the poet's own garden at "Vittoriale," and was characterised by the striking beauty and large proportions of the scenery. Two stages were employed, (one with a grotto, the other with a full-size homestead built on it), at opposite ends of a meadow; and the last scene—a procession—took place on the hillside behind.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SILVER CORD." AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

MR. SIDNEY HOWARD, the American author, gives us in "The Silver Cord," a strong, thoughtful play on a theme that everyone will recognise as true to life. It presents us with an example of that



GRAMOPHONE-RECORDING IN AN ARTIST'S OWN HOME: DAME CLARA BUTT AND HER HUSBAND, MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD, SINGING BEFORE A MICROPHONE IN THEIR MUSIC-ROOM.

An interesting experiment was carried out recently by the Columbia Company at the Hampstead residence of Dame Clara Butt, when electrical gramophone discs were recorded for the first time in an artist's own home. For twenty years musicians and scientists interested in the gramophone have been trying to make this concession to an artist's temperament without success, but this experiment proved conclusively that by bringing the studio to the artist, instead of vice-versa, the natural effect of the records is improved enormously.

type of motherhood, devouringly affectionate and acquisitive, that is jealous of the women her sons love, and wants to control the young men's destinies despite their own inclinations. The story's one weakness lies in the fact that the playwright, to give the mother's manoeuvres a chance of success, has to make the two sons more limp than ordinary experience warrants. The men putting up so little resistance, the battle is one between the women—between Mrs. Phelps on the one hand and Christina and Hester on the other. Hester,

the younger boy's sweetheart, is soon routed and driven into hysterics by an opponent so resourceful in her eloquence, such a mistress of all the batteries of emotion, as this Mrs. Phelps is made; but in Christina, an intelligent, self-controlled, and confident wife, who is about to become a mother, she meets her match. Three actresses do remarkably well at the St. Martin's—Miss Marjorie Mars storms her way through the younger girl's hysterical scene; Miss Clare Eames, in the more difficult part of Christina, suggests strength and poise with admirable naturalness; and Miss Lilian Braithwaite, as the mother, supplies a performance that is perfectly harmonised and never exaggerated, notwithstanding the temptation of passages that verge on farce.

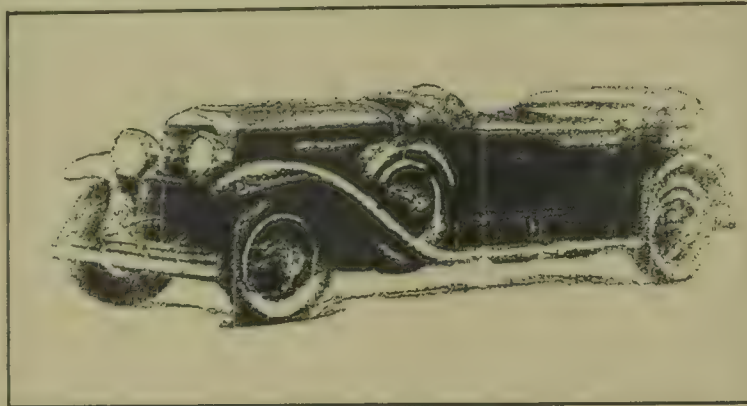
"THE GOLDEN CALF." AT THE GLOBE.

In "The Golden Calf" Mr. Harwood

has succeeded in writing for Miss Margaret Bannerman the best part she has had, since her glittering, but rather hard talent scored a triumph in "Our Betters." But the play itself is one of the most hackneyed and artificial of his efforts. There are witty lines, but too often they are excrescences, and much of the dialogue of his opening act is tame; while his theme, the struggles of a butterfly woman to escape the

clutches of a rich and masterful Jew, was far better handled years ago by Sir Arthur Pinero in his tragedy of "Iris" and her Maldonado. Mr. Harwood's Barbara, to avoid marrying her Oriental wooer, accepts the nearest man as husband, though her heart—what there is of it—is really given to an ex-officer who "never told his love," but goes off to Mexico to make

money. When this dumb lover returns successful, her doom is already assured. Her husband and her establishment are virtually being supported by the Jew, and soon, as the result of forgery on the part of the husband, she is at Reuben Manassa's mercy. Only at the sacrifice of her honour will the forged bill be returned, and her husband asks her to make the sacrifice. She succumbs, only to find her surrender doubly unnecessary—her husband kills himself, and her lover had already bought back the bill from the unscrupulous Jew. It is difficult to credit the ingenuousness of a twentieth-century woman of the world in Barbara's position when she pleads that she was unaware how events were shaping. Miss Bannerman and Mr. Nicholas Hannen play the heroine's and lover's scenes for all they are worth, but leave us cold. Mr. Raymond Massey does well in the showy character of Manassa. But the most telling piece of acting comes from Miss Hannah Kellogg in the rôle of an American girl, the one "live" person in the story.



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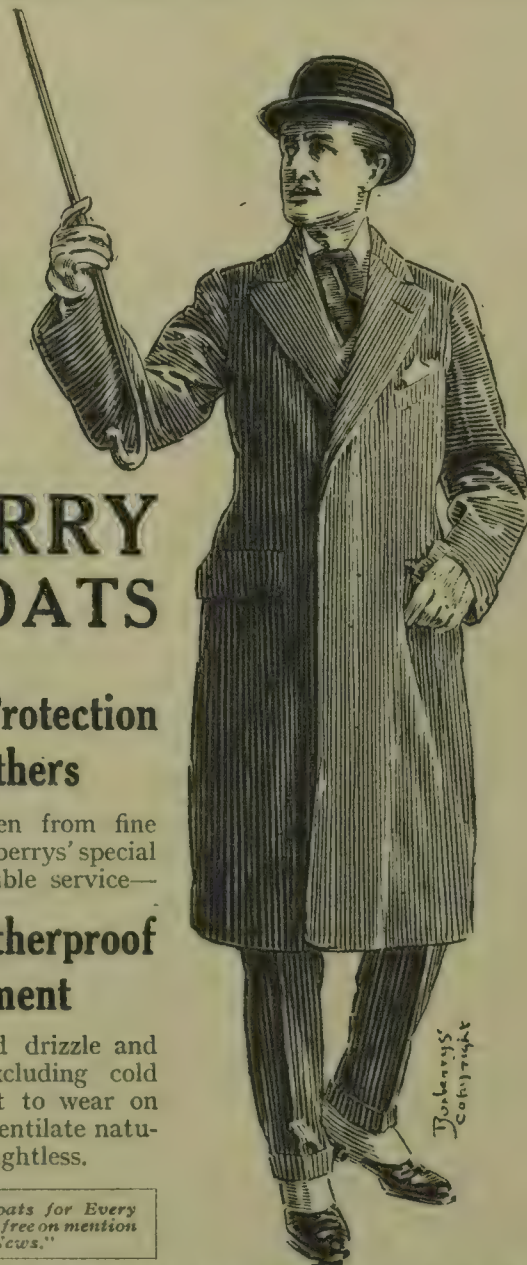
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CHESS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4005 received from R E Broughall-Woods (Kasenga, Northern Rhodesia) and T Chapman (Modderfontein, S.A.); of No. 4007 from Victor Holtan (Oshkosh, Wis.); of No. 4008 from W C D Smith (Northampton), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), R B C Cooke (Portland, Maine), and J W Smedley (Brooklyn, N.Y.); of No. 4009 from H W Satow (Bangor), W C D Smith (Northampton), J M K Lupton (Richmond), B H Wood (Churt, Surrey), M E Jowett (Grange-on-Sands), Rev W Scott (Elgin), John Brickwood (Weybridge), M S Maughan (Barton-on-Sea), E J Gibbs (East Ham), T Glanville (New Cross), R E Pascoe (Parkhurst, Isle of Wight), and J Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.); and of No. 4010 from L W Calferata (Parndon), J Hunter (Leicester), H W Satow (Bangor), J T Bridge (Colchester), S Caldwell (Hove), J M K Lupton (Richmond), A Edmeston (Worsley), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), George Parbury (Singapore), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), J P S (Cricklewood), T G Collings (Hulme), C B S (Canterbury), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), and J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park).

CHESS IN HUNGARY.

Game played in the recent International Masters' Tournament at Kecskemet, between Messrs. F. D. YATES and A. TAKACO.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Y.) **BLACK (Mr. T.)**
1. P to K 4th P to Q B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th P takes P
4. Kt takes P Kt to B 3rd
5. Kt to Q B 3rd P to Q 3rd
6. B to K 2nd P to K 3rd
7. Castles B to K 2nd
8. K to R sq
9. Giving clear indication of his intention to play P to K B 4th.
10. P to Q 3rd Q to B 2nd
11. Q to K sq
12. P to Q R 3rd Castles K R
13. R to Q sq Kt to Q R 4th
14. From this point White's conduct of the game is excellent in the highest degree; not a move is wasted, and every stroke is deadly.

There are many variations of this opening, which was a great favourite of Blackburne's; but Black does not select the best of them. He has already blocked the freedom of both his Bishops.

15. B to B sq Kt to B 5th
16. P to Kt 3rd K R to B sq
17. P to K 5th Kt to K sq
18. Kt to K 4th P to Q 4th
19. Kt to K B 6th K to R sq
20. Q to R 4th Kt takes Kt
21. B to Q 3rd P to Kt 3rd
22. P takes Kt B to B sq
23. Kt to B 3rd

Attention should be given to the cool skill of these recent moves. Resistance is reduced to helpless acquiescence in the intentions of the assailant.

24. Kt to Kt 5th K to Kt sq
25. B takes Kt P to R 3rd
26. P takes P P takes Kt
27. B takes K Kt P takes B
28. R to Q 3rd R to B sq
29. P to Q Kt 4th B takes P
30. R to K R 3rd Resigns.
A brilliant victory, in every way creditable to the British master.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REGINALD B C COOKE (Portland, Maine).—Your two-move problem is very acceptable, and will appear at an early date.

CHARLES H BATTY (Providence, R.I.).—Thanks for your new contribution, which shall receive our careful consideration.

T G COLLINGS (Hulme, Manchester).—We hope to find the fresh position a worthy successor to your last. The dual to which you call attention is, of course, a flaw, but under the circumstances not wholly unpardonable.

ROYAL F MANGU (Lagrange, Illinois).—Your carefully worked-out solution of No. 4008 unfortunately overlooks Black's defence of 1. —, Q takes R, or 1. —, K takes P.

VICTOR HOLTAN (Oshkosh, Wis.).—The book you quote contains sheer nonsense when it speaks of calling check to a threatened Queen. No such practice is known to chess. In your proposed solution to No. 4008, how do you carry on after 1. —, R takes R?

T CHAPMAN (Modderfontein, S.A.).—You are to be complimented on your success with Mr. Campbell's problem, but we must ask to be excused from foraging in the past to find tit-bits for your keen appetite. The present fully occupies our spare time. Thanks for the three-mover, which we have little doubt will be appreciated by our solvers.

J M K LUPTON (Richmond).—You overwhelm us with your kindness. Your problems are quite unique, and they always possess a piquant interest peculiar to themselves.

PHILIP MARTIN (Coventry).—We shall hope to find room for it as a sop after some brain-racking three-mover.

PROBLEM No. 4010.—By E. BOSWELL.
BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4009.—By C. B. S.

WHITE **BLACK**
1. B to K 6th Anything
2. P or Kt mates accordingly.

We exceedingly regret that, as many solvers have pointed out, this problem can also be solved by 1. Kt to Kt 3rd (ch), K to Q 3rd; 2. R to Q sq, mate. The latter move quite escaped our observation, as the problem can be so easily rectified by placing the Rook on Q B 2nd instead of Q B sq.

"Pitfalls of the Chess Board." By E. A. Greig (London, Frank Hollings, 7, Great-Turnstile, W.C.2; 2s. 6d.). In continuation of his series of elementary handbooks on chess, the publisher here presents a new edition of this work, completely revised and brought up to date by Mr. W. A. Fairbanks, who of late years has made a rapid advance in the ranks of British players. The arrangement is good and logical, and the examples are skilfully chosen, leading the student through the various traps that beset the unwary in almost every opening. An additional chapter on positional snares is not unworthy of the attention of even advanced players.

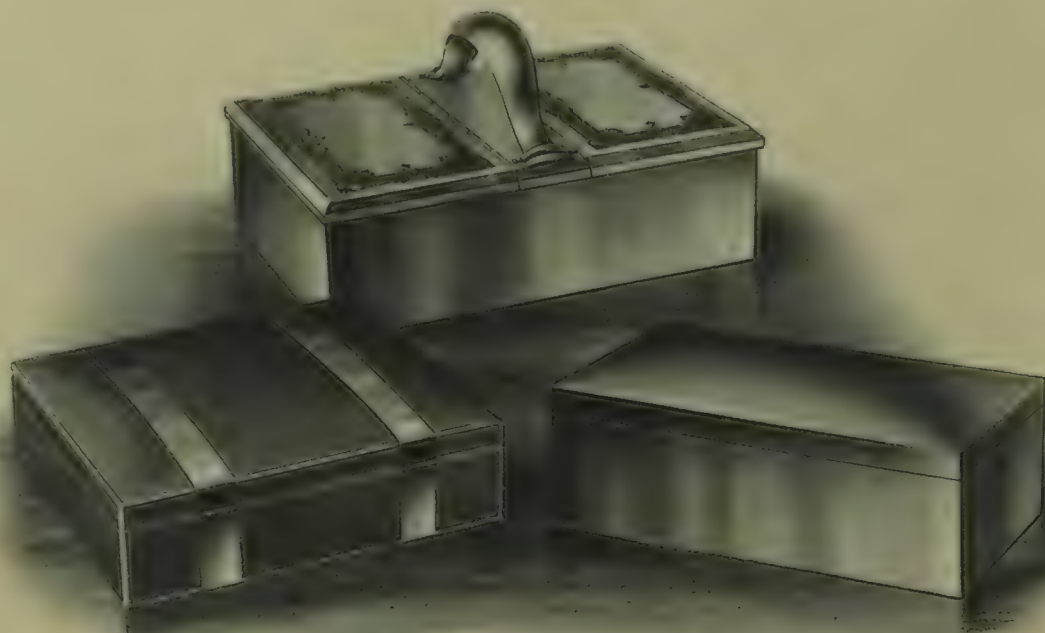
The City of London Chess Club has issued its programme for the coming season, and offers its usual liberal range of cup competitions with numerous money prizes for the different grades of players who may wish to take part in the proceedings. The play will commence on Nov. 1, but entries must be made not later than Oct. 17. A novel feature this year is a Quick Time Knock Out tournament in three sections, starting on Oct. 24, for which also Oct. 17 is fixed as the date of entry. Full particulars can be obtained on application to J Walter Russell, Hon. Sec., City of London Chess Club, Wardrobe Court, London, E.C.14.

THE "OLD VIC." SEASON AT HAMMERSMITH.

THE "Old Vic." season at the Lyric, Hammersmith, with Miss Sybil Thorndike, Mr. Lewis Casson, and Mr. Hay Petrie rallying to the old flag, bids fair to be an enormous success, and the opening venture, a revival of "The Taming of the Shrew," gives all three "stars" admirable opportunities. Fortunately, the "Induction" is retained in this version—fortunately not only because it helps to soften the asperities of the main story, but because Mr. Petrie's portrait of Christopher Sly is one of his happiest studies in Shakespearean humour. His performance seems riper and richer than ever. Mr. Casson offers us a swaggering, swashbuckling sort of Petruchio, not quite so sheik-like as Oscar Asche's, but truculent enough; and Mr. Horace Sequeira supplies the customary clowning as Grumio. Miss Thorndike's Katherine may not be quite so majestic a creature as Miss Lily Brayton made the "Shrew," nor so much of a tornado of anger and resentment, so much of a leopardess in chains, as Ada Rehan, with her animal cries and her spitfire moods, used to suggest. But there is stateliness about her Kate when she makes her entry; there is an indication of nervousness as she first sets eyes on her Petruchio which no other Katherine has thought of; there is a wealth of vivacity and verve in her acting, and, if she seems to have her tongue in her cheek as she lectures her sex in the epilogue, so much the better for the part and the crudities of the play. Thanks to her and her colleagues, this old-world farce is converted into a thoroughly exhilarating entertainment.

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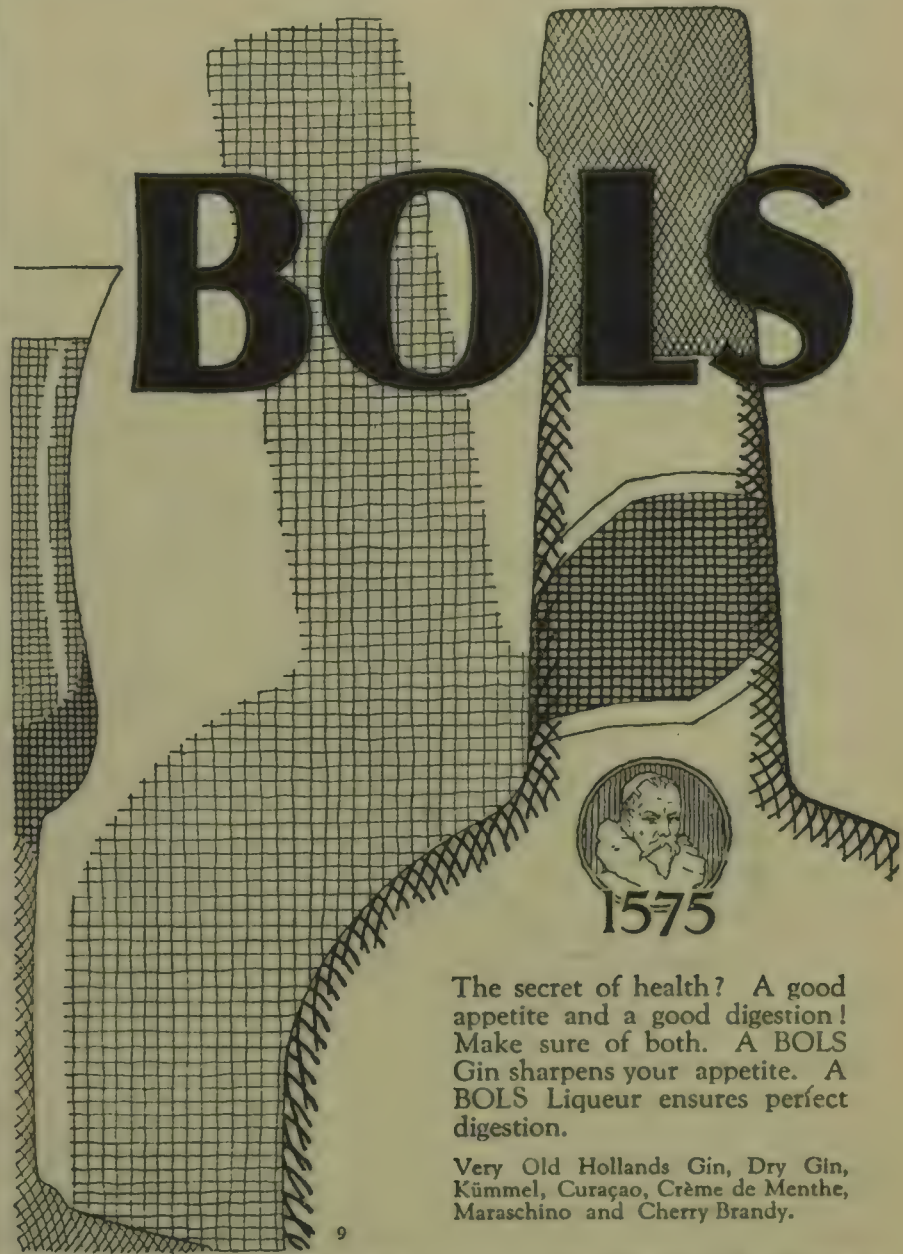
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THE NEW MARMON SHOW-ROOMS OF MESSRS. PASS AND JOYCE IN ORCHARD STREET: MODELS OF THE MARMON "STRAIGHT EIGHT" IN A REMARKABLY HANDSOME SETTING.

Many admiring comments have been passed on the handsome new Marmon show-rooms recently opened at 24-27, Orchard Street, W.1, by Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd., sole concessionaires for Marmon cars in Great Britain and Ireland. Several fine models of the Marmon "Straight Eight" can be seen in the show-rooms illustrated above.

you have done so many miles, and how much petrol it has cost you to do it. Even if it is only a particularly neat kind of switch, or an invisible dashboard lighting system, the interest which is taken in them is never-ending. To us, although we may not admit it, except to ourselves, a dashboard with room for one more dial is a dashboard incomplete. We may laugh at gadgets and call them useless toys, but he would be a freak among us who would for long drive

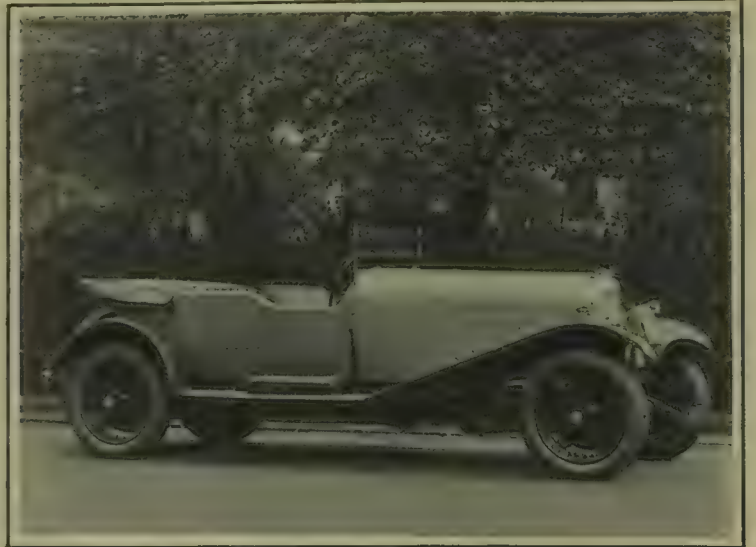
a car with a dashboard consisting of a bare expanse of wood.

On general principles I agree with everybody else on this point whole-heartedly. There are few things in the world of motoring so pleasant to own as a set of busy indicators. I remember some years ago, after spending months in making the dashboard of my car what I believed the dashboard of a decent, working, efficient, properly equipped car should be, it fell to my lot to cross to America in the *Aquitania*, and, in the course of the voyage, to be shown the engine-room. There I saw the only dashboard in the world. It was quite the most beautiful thing of its kind ever seen, and one of my most precious memories is of the speed-indicators of the four propellers, and of the thrill I felt when I observed that they were not synchronising. For some mysterious reason or other, connected with oil-fuel pressure perhaps, the lower starboard propeller was turning round three times a minute more often than either of the others, and one of those was lagging desperately behind by a whole revolution.

No; to your mechanically minded fanatic there is nothing like indicators that work. But they must work. I cannot understand the passion for a mere dial which is loved because its needle moves back and forth. My dials must give me facts, no matter how dull they are, or how disappointing. There is no place for fiction on the dashboard of a real

motor-car. For that reason one of the two most satisfactory instruments that you can possibly own is an aneroid. Once corrected for weather conditions, an aneroid is like a camera. It cannot lie.

The other instrument is, of course, an absolutely accurate speedometer, and it is unnecessary to remind fellow sufferers how extremely rare a find it is. Some people allege that it is the speedometer-maker's fault that it produces fiction instead of fact, and others that the car-makers are at the bottom of it. It would not serve any very useful purpose to work this out, as the results are the same: you are being told by an expensive instrument that which is not true. I know of instruments which are in themselves inaccurate at this or that point of their range, and I know of cars whose speedometer readings are such that it results in the same thing.



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(Continued overleaf.)



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THE LADY: "That's very thoughtful of you both, and I appreciate it. I suppose there's some small fee?"

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(Continued.)

is 100 per cent. accurate throughout its range from zero to the maximum speed obtained by the car, and that the mileage indicator is exact. I have had very many grievous disappointments in testing my own and other people's speedometers for many years, just as everybody else has, but, as an accurate speedometer is an even greater joy than an aneroid when you are climbing high mountains, and I have never heard anyone make such a big claim as this of the "A.T." Company's, I agreed to embark on the test with more than usual interest.

The "A.T." is designed on the magnetic principle, and can be driven in any of the usual ways—either by belt and pulley from the propeller-shaft, by gearing off the gear-box, or by gearing off the front wheel. It is a particularly businesslike instrument, with a plain and very clear dial. The indicator needle is white except for its pointer, which is red, showing very plainly against the black dial with white figures. I think that the mileage indicators, both the maximum and the trip, might have been made rather larger and clearer, but that is really the only criticism I have to make against the general turn-out of the "A.T." In addition to the standard model, special models are made for particular makes of car, and the third model, which is a speed indicator and revolution counter combined, is without a mileage indicator.

I have been testing the "A.T." for some time now, with great care both for distance and speed, and so far I have not been able to detect an error at all. Whether the maker's claim of 100 per cent. accuracy is correct or not I cannot say, as I have not yet had an opportunity of submitting it to the extremely lengthy—and, incidentally, expensive—test that this will entail at Brooklands.

But I have compared its figures over measured distances with those of other speedometers belonging to myself and other people—speedometers in which errors are known from scientific testing—and so far as I have got, if the reading is not absolutely correct, it is so nearly so that the error is indistinguishable on the ordinary stop-watch which I use. The mileage I have found to be absolutely exact according to a survey map and approved milestone distances (as we all know, milestones and signposts in England can show most amazing differences and errors). Speeds

from ten miles an hour up to forty, rising five miles per hour at a time, are also apparently absolutely correct.

These are only preliminary tests, as, naturally, as time goes on, the wear of tyres has to be taken into consideration, fresh measurements of these taken, and the difference allowed for. In the meantime, it is only fair to say that it is a most satisfactory instrument to make experiments with, owing to the extraordinary steadiness of its reading. It costs six guineas, and is made by the "A.T." Speedometer Company, 20, Avondale Road, Kensington.—JOHN PRIOLEAU.

RADIO NOTES.

A WONDERFUL loud-speaker will make its bow to the public at the Radio Exhibition which opens to-day, Sept. 24, at Olympia, London. The device, known as the "Andia Magic Loud-Speaker," is unique in the history of sound-magnification inventions, and differs from the usual types of instruments which function with trumpet-shaped horns or with conical diaphragms.

Music and speech issue from this new loud-speaker with the greatest faithfulness to the original sounds, whether reproduced at full strength or at a whisper. Volume may be increased by suitable amplification to an intensity capable of filling the Royal Albert Hall without distortion of the sounds.

One of the secrets of the "Andia's" success is that it has no natural frequency. The sound-reflector consists of an inner parabolic shell with an open mouth which does not finish as a rim, but, turning back upon itself, is made continuous with an outer shell, thus forming an endless whole that makes sound-distortion impossible because of the absence of any audible period of vibration of its own.

Between the inner and outer shells, the air forms a cushion which greatly magnifies the reproduction of music or speech. This sound-magnifying effect caused by an air cushion may be experienced by beating a double-headed drum and a single headed tambourine, when it will be found that the drum with its imprisoned air will give a far more sonorous

response than will the tambourine which has no air cushion.

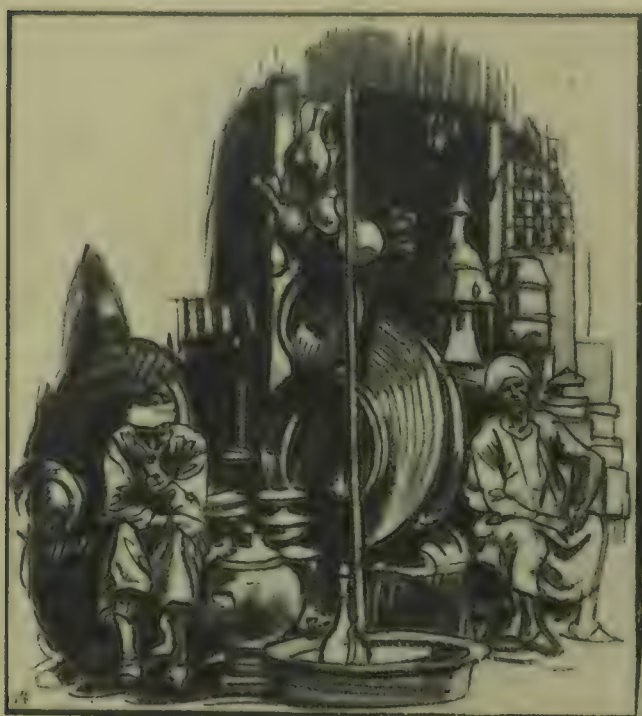
A wireless sound-receiving unit is fitted below the mouth of the reflector, and a short tube conveys the weak sounds from the unit to a "focal" point opposite the reflecting surface at a distance that is both mathematically and practically correct for the production of the best results.

Thus is achieved uniformity of sound-amplification, increased volume of sound in a horn of small dimensions, and proper distribution of the sound-waves free to travel in all directions, resulting in the new invention being able to deal with an immense volume of sound free from all distortion.

The shape of the reflector's outer shell lends itself to the portrayal of something much more interesting to the visual sense than is a piece of mechanism, and in this respect visitors to the Radio Exhibition will be surprised to find, when their interest is held by a display of beautiful *objets d'art*, that actually the latest type of loud-speaker is being shown.

The instruments are hidden in well executed copies of antiques such as "A Chinese Buddha," "A Chinese Emperor," "A Scribe," "Dresden Figure," and in other forms—"A Parrot," "A Coffer," "Miss Muffet," and as table-lamps, hanging-lamps, vases, and the like, each being a handsome piece of decoration in the home in addition to being a fine loud-speaker.

Much interest is being created amongst radio enthusiasts by the new electric "pick-up" which reproduces gramophone records through the loud-speaker. The device is attached to the gramophone tone-arm after removing the ordinary sound-box. One form of the "pick-up" consists of a small U-shaped magnet to one end of which is fixed a couple of small electro-magnetic coils. At the opposite end of the magnet there is pivoted a small armature into which the usual reproducing needle is inserted. In response to the undulations of the record, the armature is caused to vibrate immediately adjacent to the coils, thus creating a fluctuating current (bearing the electrical equivalent of the sound-waves) which is carried through wires to an amplifier with two or more valves, or may be plugged into the detector valve-socket of a multi-valve radio receiver.



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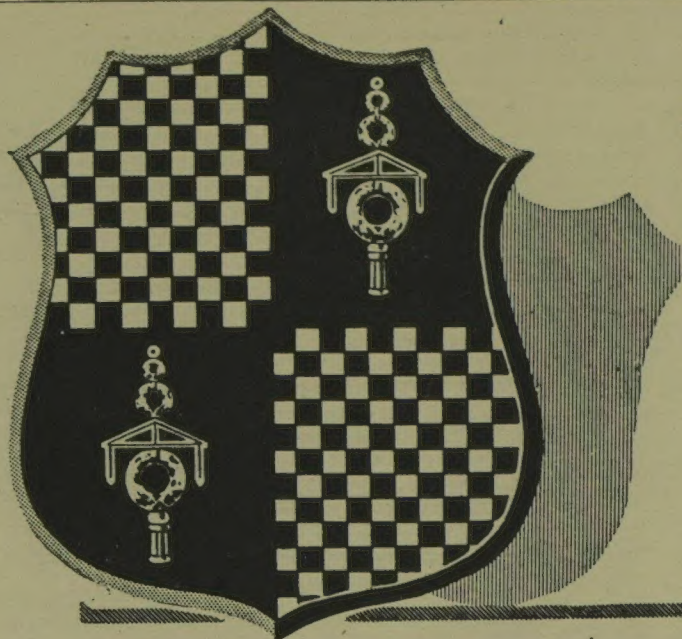
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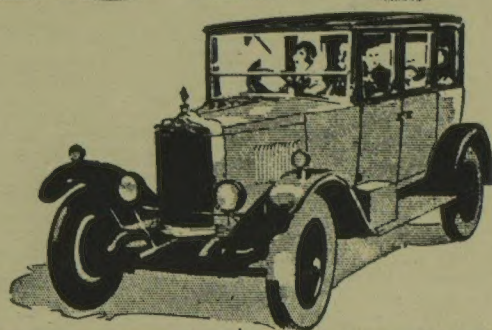
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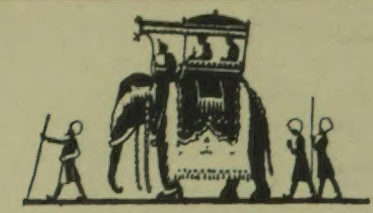
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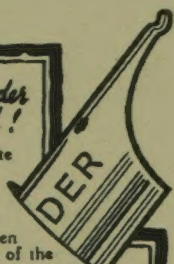
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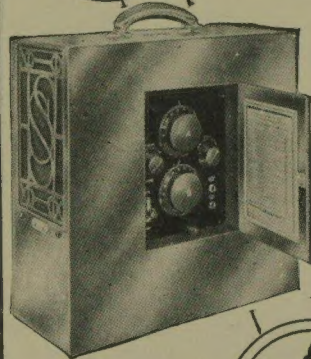
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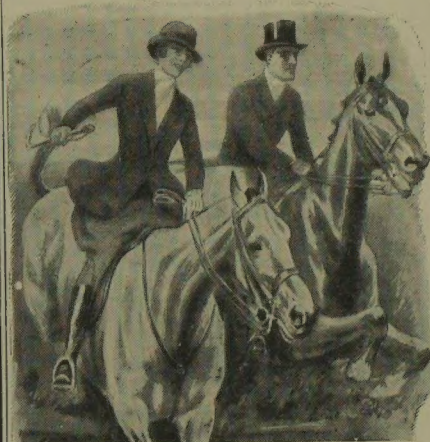
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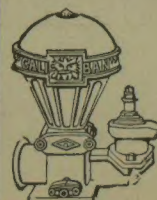
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